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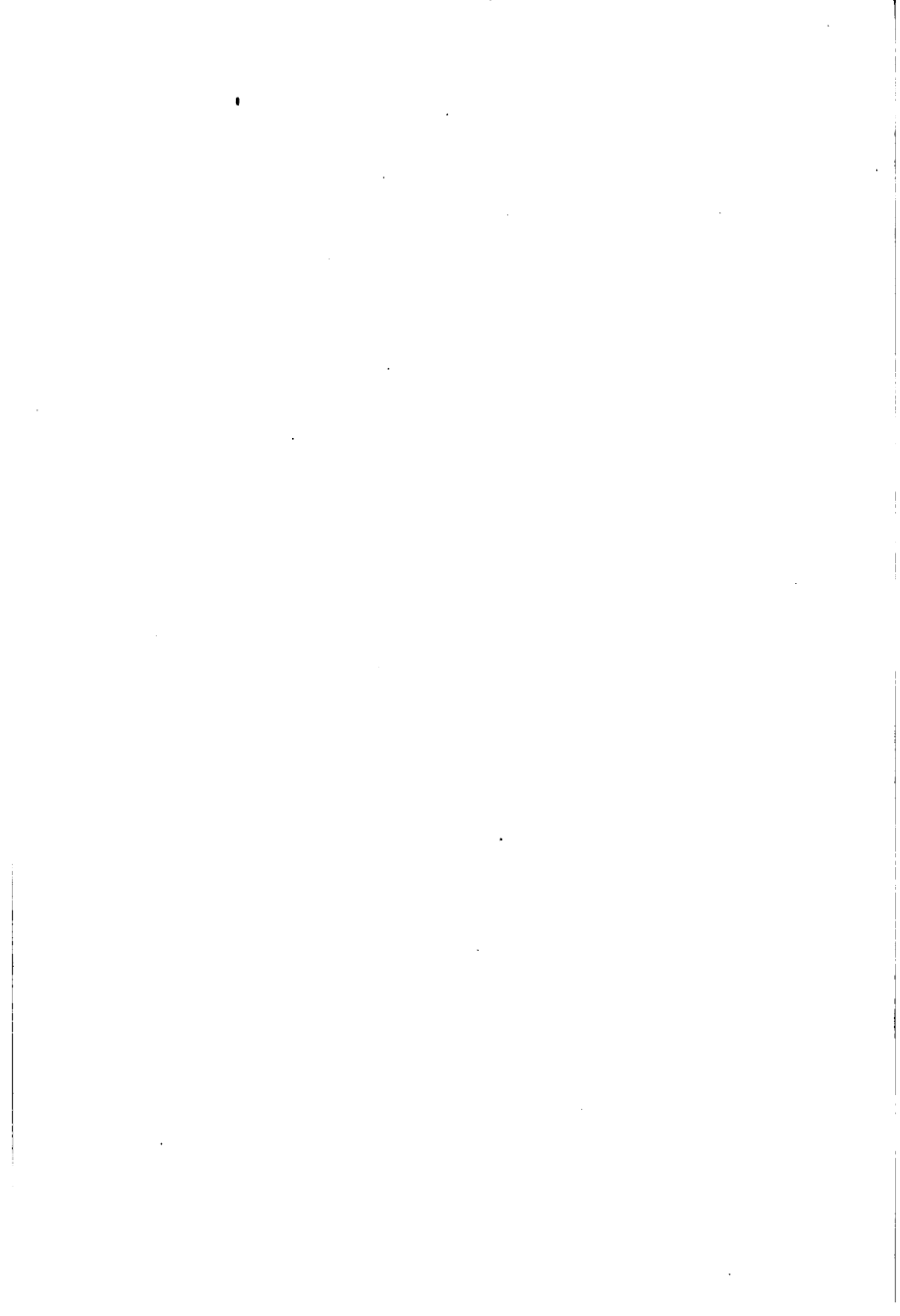
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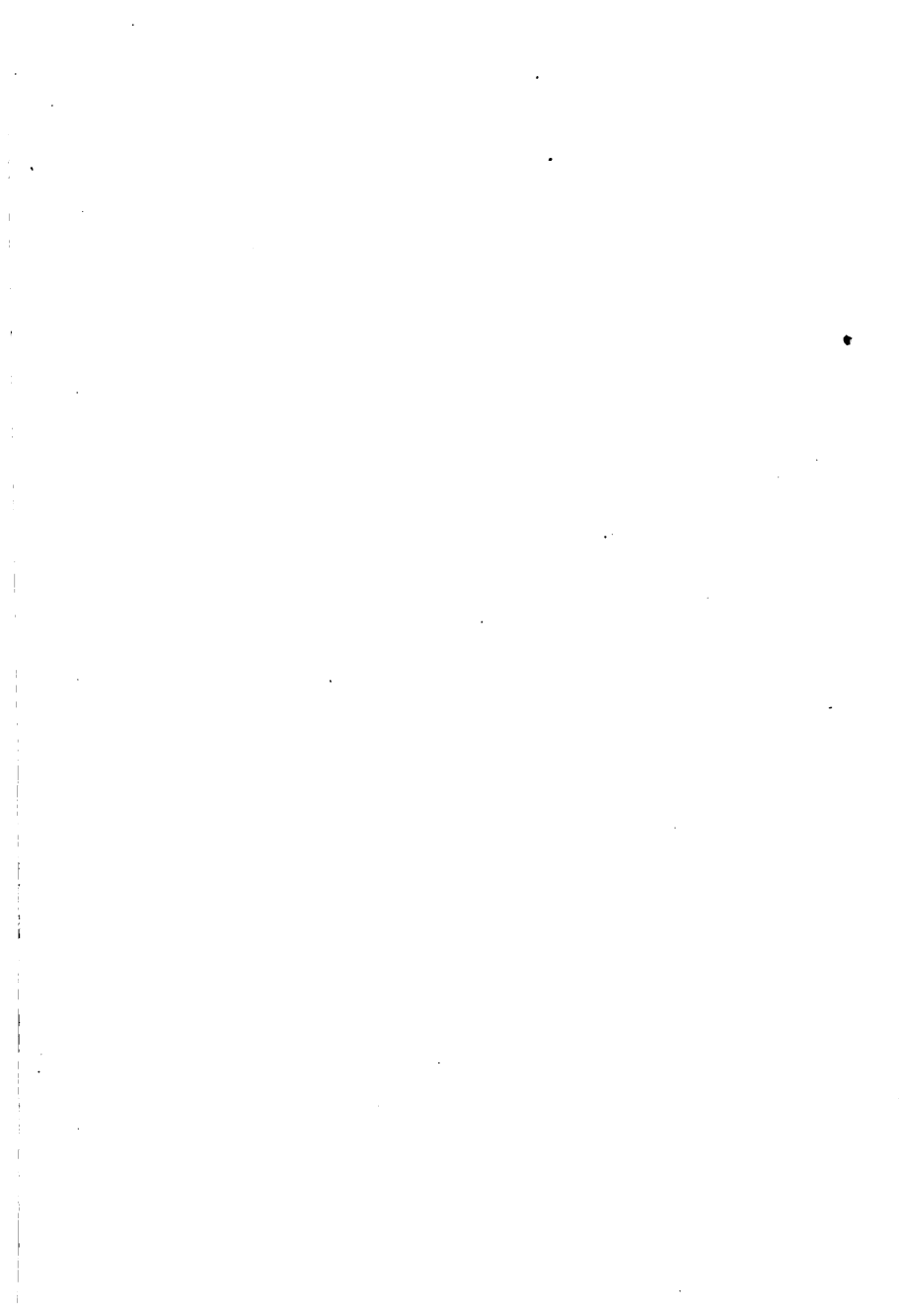
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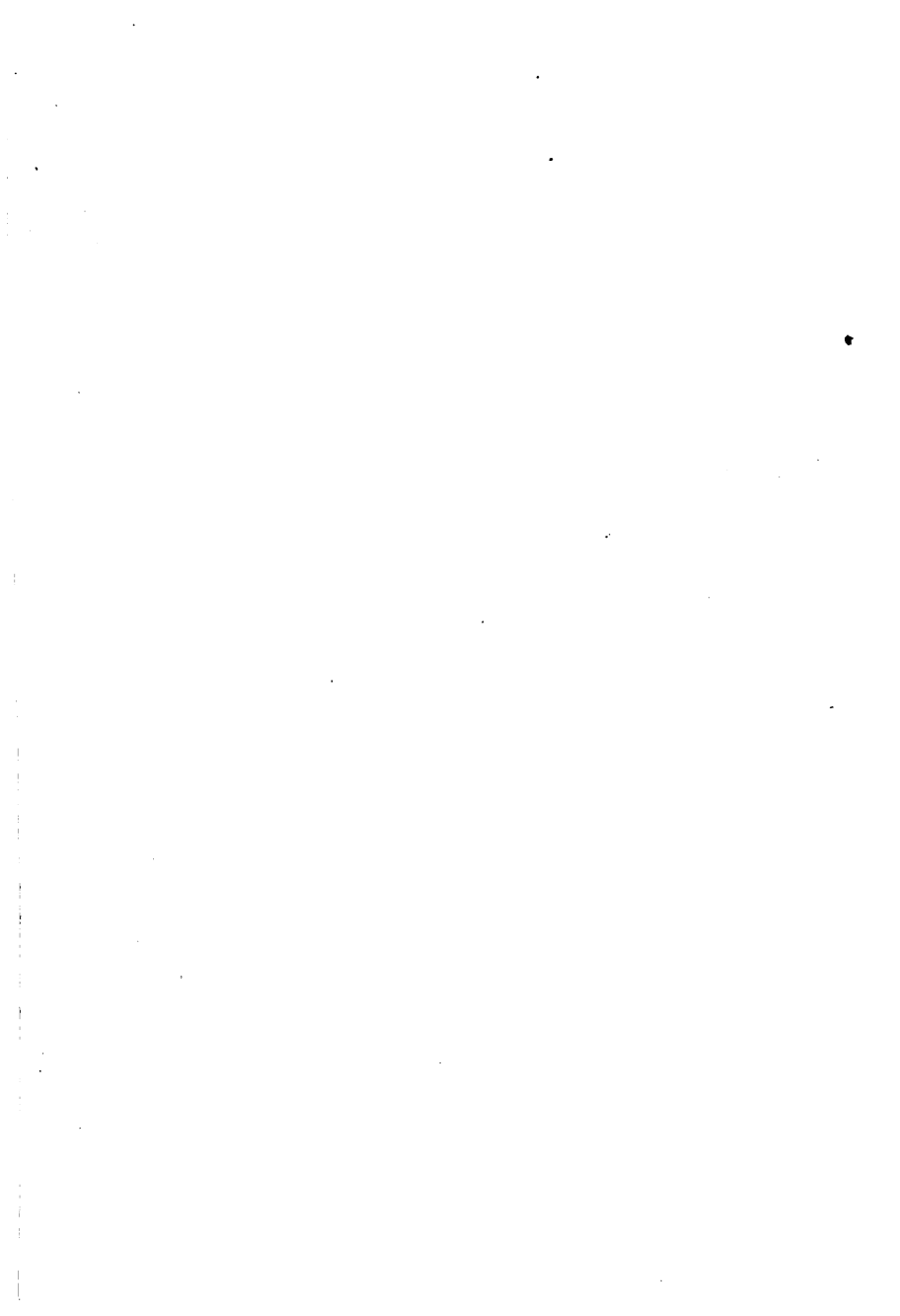
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Friedrich Schiller.

**Heath's Modern Language Series**

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# SCHILLER'S BALLADS

*EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES*

BY

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## PREFACE.

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THE present selection from Schiller's lyrical poems includes his ballads, besides a few other pieces of closely allied species of composition.

The text of this edition is based on that of Gödeke's critical (*historisch-kritisch*) edition of Schiller's poems, Stuttgart, 1871. The orthography has been modified to accord with the practice of the so-called New Orthography as given in the „Regeln und Wortverzeichnis für die deutsche Rechtschreibung in den preussischen Schulen.“ The notes include every variant appearing in the texts as published in Schiller's lifetime.

If the present edition serves a good purpose, it will be, as it should, almost wholly for the inherent worth of the lyrics themselves, to illustrate which, by selection from the great mass of excellent material in the works of Düntzer, Gödeke, Scherer, Viehoff, Vilmar, and many others, has been the humble and principal aim of the compiler.

I would express in this place my obligations to my friend, the Rev. Edward C. Guild, for reading the proof of the notes, and for valued suggestions.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, ME.,

March, 1888.





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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE name of Schiller is endeared to German hearts probably as much on account of his life-long struggle with adversity, and his unswerving adherence to noble ideals, as for any, perhaps all, other reasons. In his student-years he was forced to devote himself to preparation for a physician's career, to which he had little natural inclination, and which he abandoned at an early opportunity. The dominant feelings of his early manhood seem to have been reactionary. His father was the subject and the humble public servant of the sovereign of a small German state, and he meant to have his son follow a similar line of life. Schiller was educated in the constraint of a military academy under the almost immediate control of his sovereign, whose personal character and public and private acts could not command his respect. Even if his desertion from the ducal service, in which he accepted later an appointment as regimental surgeon, is not to be defended, no one could have failed to have sympathy with the poet in such uncongenial employment, for which the overruling will of his superiors and benefactors had vainly destined him. The years which followed his final adoption of a literary career were not free from

anxiety as to his livelihood. Providence had supplied him with generous friends, but not with the independent pecuniary resources which would have seemed so desirable to the free development of his genius. When later his personal worth and greatness had become widely appreciated, and the needs of his affectionate nature were gratified in the establishment of a home of his own, a nearly fatal illness permanently impaired his health. The crowning blessing, his intimate association for the last ten years of his life with Goethe, compensated richly for all that Schiller had previously lacked. In these years of his maturity he used all his powers prodigally, and to noble ends. The Ballads form a small part of the mental product of this last period of Schiller's life. They were never surpassed by the poet in motive or in execution.

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller was born November 10, 1759, in Marbach, a small South German town in the then Duchy of Württemberg. His father, Johann Caspar, was, at the date of Schiller's birth, a surgeon in a Württemberg regiment. He continued in governmental employ for his lifetime, but had been transferred to a department of forest-inspection more than twenty years before his death in 1796. It is perhaps worth noting that Schiller's father was an author to the extent of having published anonymously, 1767-9, "Reflections on Agricultural Matters in the Duchy of Württemberg, by an Officer in the Ducal

Service." Schiller had one sister, Christophine, two years older than himself, and four sisters younger.

Schiller's childhood and youth, till his fourteenth year, were passed in Marbach, Lorch, and Ludwigsburg, to which towns his father's military service called him. His early studies developed in him the intention of devoting his life to the church. This intention, and the approval of it by his parents, were, however, set aside by the Duke, who saw in Schiller the material for a creditable pupil in his recently established Military School at Solitude. The Duke's pleasure being law to Schiller's father, the boy was sent to the school, where he remained from his 14th to his 21st year. Being obliged to choose between the preparatory studies of law and those of medicine, his first choice was of the former, but after a short trial he changed to the latter, and continued in them till he had passed his final examinations and been appointed military surgeon in the ducal service. This was in 1780, in Schiller's twenty-first year. Two years later, in September, 1782, he deserted from the service, leaving Stuttgart, where he was stationed, never to return to his uncongenial employment. The light in which his desertion was ultimately viewed by the authorities may be judged from the fact that, although Schiller was subsequently in their jurisdiction, he was never legally prosecuted.

His literary work, to which he was henceforth to be exclusively devoted, had begun already in his student years.

In 1777, three years before graduation, his first drama, *Die Räuber*, had been planned, although it was first published in 1781, and first rendered in Mannheim, Jan. 13, 1782. The death of Lessing had occurred Feb. 25, 1781, the year in which Schiller's public activity began. At this date Goethe had already published the *Götter von Berlikingen* in 1773, and *Werthers Leiden* in 1774, in his 24th and 25th years, respectively.

Schiller's literary life is conveniently, though somewhat arbitrarily, divided into three periods : the first extends from the publication of *Die Räuber*, in 1781, to that of *Rabale und Liebe*, in 1784 ; the second begins with his first drama in verse, *Don Carlos*, 1787, includes his historical works, *Geschichte des Abfalls der Niederlande*, and *Geschichte des Dreißigjährigen Kriegs*, and his important æsthetical and philosophical essays, produced under the influence of Kant ; the third period begins with the publication of his literary periodical, *Die Horen*, 1795, for which he had obtained the collaboration of Goethe, thus opening the way to their friendship ; it includes Schiller's lyrical masterpieces, *Das Lied von der Glocke*, and the Ballads, and the series of dramas which were produced with such diligence in the last years of the poet's life, namely the *Wallenstein* trilogy, 1798-9 ; *Maria Stuart*, 1800 ; *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, 1801 ; *Die Braut von Messina*, 1803, and *Wilhelm Tell*, 1804. Schiller died in Weimar, on the 9th of May, 1805, in his forty-sixth year.

While the division of the poet's life into periods serves a practical purpose, it should not be forgotten that his poetical life was, so to speak, *uninterrupted*, and that the shorter poems, which he never ceased to produce, are always important in any study of the man.

No better introduction to the study of Schiller, it is generally conceded, has been written than Carlyle's "Life of Friedrich Schiller," comprehending an examination of his work. It is brief, but contains quite full analyses of each of the more important works.

Schiller's career had been one of great variety. He had been a law student, a medical student and physician, a theatre director, a literary magazine editor, a professor of history in the University of Jena, an historian, an essayist, and from the first, and above all, a dramatist and poet. This astounding breadth of interest and activity was without doubt of the greatest advantage to him in the cultivation of generous human sympathies, and rendered him a worthy friend of Goethe.

The limits of the present edition forbid any adequate treatment of these Ballads in their relation to German literature; however, allusion to a few facts may be helpful. There is no reason to believe that narrative songs have ever been wanting at any period of German literature, though their popularity, and their simple truthfulness, probably, have been greatest in comparatively primitive and rude times.



Literary ballads have quite constantly increased in relative importance since printing has come into competition with oral and manuscript transmission. Yet the nearness to nature, which must in any age characterize the successful ballad-writer, renders the ballad an expression of the composer's style as independent and as little constrained by artificial limits and prescriptions as can be mentioned. Since the days of the first singer of the Lay of Hildebrand, the German ballad-maker has felt his task to be constantly the same, namely, an appeal to the ideals of the common people in a singable story. How far the ballad should contain an expression of a didactic purpose, the selection of the subject and the metre, the artistic finish in verbal matters, have always been questions which the individual composer has had to decide.

When Schiller wrote the first ballad in 1797, he was in his thirty-eighth year, and was a writer of wide experience. His early tragedies in prose, *Die Räuber*, *Fiesco* and *Kabale und Liebe*, and not less *Don Carlos*, might have convinced him, it would seem, of his vocation to dramatic labors. His historical works had called into requisition and developed his powers of graphic narration. His philosophical studies show the noble mission which he deemed art capable of fulfilling. His association with Goethe added all that could have been lacking, in giving him the inspiration of an appreciative friend, who, himself quite without jealousy, occupied the position of the greatest living German author.

The Ballads were first published in the *Annals*, which appeared between the years 1798 and 1805, and were, properly speaking, occasional productions. Schiller's principal work, in these last years of his life, was in studies for and in the composition of the series of dramas beginning with "Wallenstein." Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his preface to the "Correspondence of Schiller and Wilhelm von Humboldt," characterizes this period as one in which Schiller, as though in anticipation of his approaching death, marked the passage of nearly every year with the production of a masterpiece.

The subjects of the ballads Schiller took equally from ancient and mediæval history and legends. His knowledge of the ancient classics from his schooldays, his acquaintance with the work of Winckelmann and Lessing, and the example of Goethe, whose development could not be dissociated from the "Italian Journey," combined with Schiller's generous intellectual sympathy to render impossible blind devotion to that only which was mediæval. He was concerned mainly with the motive of a legend, and its adaptability to the ideal end in view. The following mere outline of the motives and treatment may assist in forming a conception of the nobility of the poet's mind. The charm of diction and artistic construction must of course be added to the qualities inherent in the subjects before one can appreciate the universal esteem in which the Ballads are held. The theme of

*Der Taucher*, is bravery, with an increasing incitement to its exercise by the hero, and a tragic end ; that of *Der Handschuh*, likewise bravery, accepting a wanton challenge which is met successfully, but results to the scorn of the one who had rashly caused the test to be put ; that of *Der Ring des Polykrates*, is the mystery of Providence, as the Greeks viewed it, which heaps up one's good-fortune only to follow it with ruin ; that of *Ritter Toggenburg* is unrequited love, which remains faithful till death ; that of *Die Kraniche des Ibykus* is Providence avenging murder of the defenceless good ; that of *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, likewise Providence defending the innocent, and causing the ruin of the wicked ; that of *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen*, bravery without subordination to the highest law, which is succeeded by the greater victory of humble obedience ; that of *Die Bürgschaft*, friendship till the supreme test of death ; that of *Das Eleusische Fest*, humanity advancing from barbarism to the final control of nature, and the worship of the gods ; that of *Hero und Leander*, lovers who cannot be separated even in death ; that of *Rassanbra*, love rejected with a tragic end ; that of *Der Graf von Habsburg*, deeds of piety rewarded, though they had been forgotten ; that of *Das Siegesfest*, bravery in war and death ; and that of *Der Alpenjäger*, Providence defending the seemingly defenceless.

Critical estimates of Schiller's poetry in general are very numerous, as might be expected in the case of an author

who is both universally popular and reckoned a classic. The two following extracts from the works of eminent German critics will be sufficient, perhaps, to show Schiller's conceded excellence as a lyrical poet : —

## VILMAR.\*

"These admirable lyric poems of our singer have their origin at the time of his association with Goethe, and will still be remembered in Germany when other stars and other suns shall have risen in its firmament of poets : they are songs which justify the sure prophecy that, centuries later, when a new language is spoken, and a new harmony of songs, as yet unheard, is struck, there will be a grateful posterity to make pilgrimages back to Schiller as we return gratefully to-day to Walthar von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach. Contemporaneous with the great dramas, and standing in an easily discernible relationship with the same, are his Ballads and Romances. To the period of his studies for Wallenstein belong the greater number of them, and the most objective, namely : *Der Ring des Polykrates*, *Die Kraniche des Ibycus*, *Der Taucher*, *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*, *Der Handschuh*, *Der Ritter Toggenburg*, *Die Bürgschaft*, and *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen* ; to the time of Maria Stuart : *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* and *Die Braut von Messina*, *Hero und Leander* and *Rassandra*, as well as the poems, *Sehnsucht*, *Der Pilgrim*, *Der Jüngling am Bache* ; to the time of the *Wilhelm Tell* belongs *Der Graf von Habsburg*, besides Das

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\* *Geschichte der deutschen National-Litteratur*. Einundzwanzigste vermehrte Auflage, Marburg, 1883, p. 431.

*Berglieb* and *Der Alpenjäger*. In many of these narrative poems there may be indeed much deserving of censure ; in fact, in the case of *Der Taucher* and *Die Bürgschaft* the style may rightly be criticised. Besides Goethe's *Braut von Korinth* we have nothing of this kind in our entire ancient and modern poesy to be compared with Schiller's poetry. A pure epic diction, from which, with few exceptions, the stock words and phrases of former time have entirely disappeared ; a sonorous language, alike pure in strong and in mild accents ; a composition faultless for the most part, and indeed admirable, which excites our liveliest interest in the issue and sustains it to the end ; finally, subjects of the greatest dignity, to which the elevated character of the whole corresponds."

SCHERER.\*

"He (Schiller) endeavors to forget himself in his subject. Classical mythology and heroic legend furnish him material ; Ceres laments for her daughter, or she goes among the savages, and teaches them the elements of civilization. *Kassandra* bemoans her lot ; the Greek heroes, on their journey homeward, celebrate the feast of victory after the fall of Troy. The Trojan cycle of legends had, from early years, the greatest fascination for Schiller. But now it was that he could carry his self-renunciation to the extent of transporting himself into the feelings of North American savages, and join with them in their lament for the dead. Not only classical, but also mediæval, literature furnished him subjects for

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\* *Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur*. Berlin, Weidmann'sche Buchhandlung, 1863, p. 589.

a series of ballads, in which he gave expression to widely various moods and an often powerfully moving play of destiny. The highly wrought sentiment of *Der Ritter Toggenburg* he treated no less successfully than *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen*. The Greek conception of the envy of the gods he was able to represent as graphically in *Der Ring des Polykrates* as mediæval piety in *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*. What magnificent connection between guilt and punishment in *Die Kraniche des Ibykus* ! Into what breathless suspense does *Die Bürgschaft* carry us ! Schiller gave repeatedly to such narratives as these dramatic unity of scene at the same time that his epic power was brilliantly displayed through his Homeric detail in description. He was able to compensate his limited observation of nature by study and power of imagination. He was aided in his description of Charybdis by such natural illustration of a few verses of the *Odyssey* as was furnished by the rush and roar of a mill-stream. And how true to nature has he painted the wild beast in *Der Hundsöhne* ! In what graphic colors, and yet with purely legitimate epic treatment, does he bring before our eyes that terrible dragon slain by a Maltese knight ! ”



# Schillers Balladen.

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## Der Taucher.

„Wer wagt es, Rittersmann oder Knapp,  
Zu tauchen in diesen Schlund?  
Einen goldnen Becher werf' ich hinab,  
Verschlungen schon hat ihn der schwarze Mund.  
Wer mir den Becher kann wieder zeigen,  
Er mag ihn behalten, er ist sein eigen.“

5

Der König spricht es und wirft von der Höh'  
Der Klippe, die schroff und steil  
Hinaushängt in die unendliche See,  
Den Becher in der Charybde Geheul.  
„Wer ist der Beherzte, ich frage wieder,  
Zu tauchen in diese Tiefe nieder?“

10

Und die Ritter, die Knappen um ihn her  
Vernehmen's und schweigen still,  
Sehen hinab in das wilde Meer,  
Und keiner den Becher gewinnen will.  
Und der König zum drittenmal wieder fraget:  
„Ist keiner, der sich hinunter wagt?“

15



Doch alles noch stumm bleibt wie zuvor ;  
 Und ein Edelfnecht, sanft und feck, 20  
 Tritt aus der Knappen zagem Chor,  
 Und den Gürtel wirft er, den Mantel weg,  
 Und alle die Männer umher und Frauen  
 Auf den herrlichen Jüngling verwundert schauen

Und wie er tritt an des Felsen Hang 25  
 Und blickt in den Schlund hinab,  
 Die Wasser, die sie hinunter schlang,  
 Die Charybde jetzt brüllend wiedergab,  
 Und wie mit des fernen Donners Getöse  
 Entstürzen sie schäumend dem finstern Schoke. 30

Und es waltet und siedet und brauset und zischt,  
 Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,  
 Bis zum Himmel sprizet der dampfende Gisch, 35  
 Und Flut auf Flut sich ohn' Ende drängt,  
 Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren,  
 Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären.

Doch endlich, da legt sich die wilde Gewalt,  
 Und schwarz aus dem weißen Schaum  
 Rafft hinunter ein gährender Spalt, 40  
 Grundlos, als ging's in den Hölle Raum,  
 Und reißend sieht man die brandenden Wogen  
 Hinab in den strudelnden Trichter gezogen.

Setzt schnell, eh die Brandung wiederkehrt,  
Der Jüngling sich Gott befiehlt,  
Und — ein Schrei des Entsetzens wird rings gehört, 45  
Und schon hat ihn der Wirbel hinweggespült,  
Und gescheitert voll über dem kühnen Schwimmer  
Schließt sich der Rachen; er zeigt sich nimmer.

Und stille wird's über dem Wasserchlund,  
In der Tiefe nur brauset es hohl, 50  
Und bebend hört man von Mund zu Mund:  
„Hochherziger Jüngling, fahre wohl!“  
Und hohler und hohler hört man's heulen,  
Und es harrt noch mit bangem, mit schrecklichem Weilen.

Und warffst du die Krone selber hinein 55  
Und sprächst: Wer mir bringet die Kron',  
Er soll sie tragen und König sein! —  
Mich gelüstete nicht nach dem teuren Lohn.  
Was die heulende Tiefe da unten verhehle,  
Das erzählt keine lebende, glückliche Seele. 60

Wohl manches Fahrzeug, vom Strudel gefaßt,  
Schoß gäh in die Tiefe hinab;  
Doch zerschmettert nur rangen sich Kiel und Mast  
Hervor aus dem alles verschlingenden Grab. —  
Und heller und heller, wie Sturmes Saufen, 65  
Hört man's näher und immer näher brausen.

Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,  
 Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,  
 Bis zum Himmel sprizet der dampfende Gisch,  
 Und Well' auf Well' sich ohn' Ende drängt, 70  
 Und wie mit des fernen Donners Getöse,  
 Entstürzt es brüllend dem finstern Schoße.

Und sieh! aus dem finster flutenden Schoß,  
 Da hebet sich's schwanenweiß,  
 Und ein Arm und ein glänzender Nacken wird bloß, 75  
 Und es rubert mit Kraft und mit emsigem Fleiß,  
 Und er ist's, und hoch in seiner Linken  
 Schwingt er den Becher mit freudigem Winken.

Und atmete lang und atmete tief  
 Und begrüßte das himmlische Licht. 80  
 Mit Frohlocken es einer dem andern rief:  
 „Er lebt! er ist da! es behielt ihn nicht!  
 Aus dem Grab, aus der strubelnden Wasserhöhle  
 Hat der Brave gerettet die lebende Seele!“

Und er kommt; es umringt ihn die jubelnde Schar; 85  
 Zu des Königs Füßen er sinkt,  
 Den Becher reicht er ihm knieend dar,  
 Und der König der lieblichen Tochter winkt,  
 Die füllt ihn mit funkelndem Wein bis zum Rande,  
 Und der Jüngling sich also zum König wandte: 90

„Lang lebe der König! Es freue sich,  
Wer da atmet im rosigten Licht!  
Da unten aber ist's fürchterlich,  
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht  
Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen, 95  
Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und Grauen.

„Es riß mich hinunter blitzeschnell,  
Da stürzt' mir aus felsigtem Schacht  
Wildflutend entgegen ein reißender Quell;  
Mich packte des Doppelstroms wütende Macht, 100  
Und wie einen Kreisel mit schwindelndem Drehen  
Trieb mich's um, ich konnte nicht widerstehen.

„Da zeigte mir Gott, zu dem ich rief,  
In der höchsten schrecklichen Not,  
Aus der Tiefe ragend ein Felsenriff, 105  
Das erfaßt' ich behend und entramm dem Tod.  
Und da hing auch der Becher an spitzen Korallen,  
Sonst wär' er ins Bodenlose gefallen.

„Denn unter mir lag's noch bergetief  
In purpurner Finsternis da, 110  
Und ob's hier dem Ohre gleich ewig schlief,  
Das Auge mit Schauern hinunter sah,  
Wie's von Salamandern und Molchen und Drachen  
Sich regt' in dem furchtbaren Höllenrauchen.

„Schwarz wimmelten da, in grausem Gemisch, 115  
 Zu scheußlichen Klumpen geballt,  
 Der stachlichte Roche, der Klippenfisch,  
 Des Hammers greuliche Ungehalt,  
 Und dräuend wies mir die grimmigen Zähne  
 Der entsetzliche Hai, des Meeres Hyäne. 120

„Und da hing ich und war's mir mit Grausen bewußt,  
 Von der menschlichen Hilfe so weit,  
 Unter Larven die einzige fühlende Brust,  
 Allein in der gräßlichen Einsamkeit,  
 Tief unter dem Schall der menschlichen Rede 125  
 Bei den Ungeheuern der traurigen Ode.

„Und schäubernb dacht' ich's, da froch's heran,  
 Regte hundert Gelenke zugleich,  
 Will schnappen nach mir; in des Schreckens Wahn  
 Laß' ich los der Koralle umklammerten Zweig; 130  
 Gleich faßt mich der Strudel mit rasendem Toben,  
 Doch es war mir zum Heil, er riß mich nach oben.“

Der König darob sich verwundert schier  
 Und spricht: „Der Becher ist dein,  
 Und diesen Ring noch bestimm' ich dir, 135  
 Geschmückt mit dem köstlichsten Edelgestein,  
 Versuchst du's noch einmal und bringst mir Kunde,  
 Was du sahst auf des Meers tiefunterstem Grunde.“

Das hörte die Tochter mit weichem Gefühl,  
Und mit schmeichelndem Munde sie fleht: 140  
„Laßt, Vater, genug sein das grausame Spiel!  
Er hat euch bestanden, was keiner besteht,  
Und könnt ihr des Herzens Gelüsten nicht zähmen,  
So mögen die Ritter den Knappen beschämen.“

Drauf der König greift nach dem Becher schnell, 145  
In den Strudel ihn schleudert hinein:  
„Und schaffst du den Becher mir wieder zur Stell',  
So sollst du der trefflichste Ritter mir sein  
Und sollst sie als Ehgemahl heut noch umarmen,  
Die jetzt für dich bittet mit zartem Erbarmen.“ 150

Da ergreift's ihm die Seele mit Himmelsgevalt,  
Und es blizt aus den Augen ihm kühn,  
Und er siehet erröten die schöne Gestalt  
Und sieht sie erbleichen und sinken hin;  
Da treibt's ihn, den köstlichen Preis zu erwerben, 155  
Und stürzt hinunter auf Leben und Sterben.

Wohl hört man die Brandung, wohl kehrt sie zurück,  
Sie verkündigt der donnernde Schall;  
Da bückt sich's hinunter mit liebendem Blick,  
Es kommen, es kommen die Wasser all, 160  
Sie rauschen herauf, sie rauschen nieder,  
Den Jüngling bringt keines wieder.

**Der Handschuh.**

Vor seinem Löwengarten,  
 Das Kampfspiel zu erwarten,  
 Saß König Franz,  
 Und um ihn die Großen der Krone,  
 Und rings auf hohem Balkone  
 Die Damen in schönem Kranz.

5

Und wie er winkt mit dem Finger,  
 Aufsthet sich der zweite Zwinger,  
 Und hinein mit bedächtigem Schritt  
 Ein Löwe tritt  
 Und sieht sich stumm  
 Rings um,  
 Mit langem Gähnen,  
 Und schüttelt die Mähnen  
 Und streckt die Glieder  
 Und legt sich nieder.

10

15

Und der König winkt wieder,  
 Da öffnet sich behend  
 Ein zweites Thor,  
 Daraus rennt  
 Mit wildem Sprunge  
 Ein Tiger hervor.  
 Wie der den Löwen erschaut,  
 Brüllt er laut,

20

Schlägt mit dem Schweif 25  
Einen furchtbaren Reif  
Und reckt die Zunge,  
Und im Kreise schau  
Umgeht er den Leu  
Grimmig schnurrend, 30  
Drauf streckt er sich murrend  
Zur Seite nieder.

Und der König winkt wieder,  
Da spreit das doppelt geöffnete Haus  
Zwei Leoparden auf einmal aus, 35  
Die stürzen mit mutiger Kampfbegier  
Auf das Tigertier ;  
Das packt sie mit seinen grimmigen Taten,  
Und der Leu mit Gebrüll  
Richtet sich auf, da wird's still ; 40  
Und herum im Kreis,  
Von Mordsucht heiß,  
Lagern sich die greulichen Ragen.

Da fällt von des Altans Rand  
Ein Handschuh von schöner Hand 45  
Zwischen den Tiger und den Leun  
Mitten hinein.

Und zu Ritter Delorges, spottender Weis',  
Wendet sich Fräulein Runigund :



„Herr Ritter, ist eure Lieb' so heiß, 50  
Wie ihr mir's schwört zu jeder Stund,  
Ei, so hebt mir den Handschuh auf!“

Und der Ritter, in schnellem Lauf,  
Steigt hinab in den furchtbaren Zwinger  
Mit festem Schritte, 55  
Und aus der Ungeheuer Mitte  
Nimmt er den Handschuh mit festem Finger.

Und mit Erstaunen und mit Grauen  
Sehen's die Ritter und Edelfrauen,  
Und gelassen bringt er den Handschuh zurück. 60  
Da schallt ihm sein Lob aus jedem Munde,  
Aber mit zärtlichem Liebesblick —  
Er verheißt ihm sein nahes Glück —  
Empfängt ihn Fräulein Kunigunde.  
Und er wirft ihr den Handschuh ins Gesicht: 65  
„Den Dank, Dame, begeh'r ich nicht!“  
Und verläßt sie zur selben Stunde.

### Der Ring des Polykrates.

Er stand auf seines Daches Binnen,  
Er schaute mit vergnügten Sinnen  
Auf das beherrschte Samos hin.  
„Dies alles ist mir unterthänig,“  
Begann er zu Agyptens König, 5  
„Gestehe, daß ich glücklich bin.“ —

„Du hast der Götter Gunst erfahren!  
 Die vormals deinesgleichen waren,  
 Sie zwingt jetzt deines Scepters Macht.  
 Doch Einer lebt noch, sie zu rächen;  
 Dich kann mein Mund nicht glücklich sprechen,  
 So lang des Feindes Auge wacht.“ — 10

Und eh der König noch geendet,  
 Da stellt sich, von Milet gesendet,  
 Ein Bote dem Tyrannen dar: 15  
 „Laß, Herr, des Opfers Düste steigen,  
 Und mit des Lorbeers muntern Zweigen  
 Bekränze dir dein festlich Haar!

„Getroffen sank dein Feind vom Speere,  
 Mich sendet mit der frohen Märe 20  
 Dein treuer Feldherr Polydor —“  
 Und nimmt aus einem schwarzen Becken,  
 Noch blutig, zu der beiden Schreden,  
 Ein wohlbekanntes Haupt hervor.

Der König tritt zurück mit Grauen. 25  
 „Doch warn' ich dich, dem Glück zu trauen,“  
 Versetzt er mit besorgtem Blick.  
 „Bedenk', auf ungetreuen Wellen —  
 Wie leicht kann sie der Sturm zerschellen —  
 Schwimmt deiner Flotte zweifelnd Glück.“ 30

Und eh er noch das Wort gesprochen,  
 Hat ihn der Jubel unterbrochen,  
 Der von der Reede jauchzend schallt.  
 Mit fremden Schätzen reich beladen,  
 Kehrt zu den heimischen Gestaden  
 Der Schiffe mastenreicher Wald. 35

Der königliche Gast erstaunet:  
 „Dein Glück ist heute gut gelaunet,  
 Doch fürchte seinen Unbestand.  
 Der Kreter waffenkund'ge Scharen 40  
 Bedräuen dich mit Kriegsgefahren;  
 Schon nahe sind sie diesem Strand.“

Und eh ihm noch das Wort entfallen,  
 Da sieht man's von den Schiffen wallen,  
 Und tausend Stimmen rufen: „Sieg! 45  
 Von Feindesnot sind wir befreiet,  
 Die Kreter hat der Sturm zerstreuet,  
 Vorbei, geendet ist der Krieg!“

Das hört der Gastfreund mit Entsetzen.  
 „Fürwahr, ich muß dich glücklich schätzen!  
 Doch,“ spricht er, „zitr' ich für dein Heil. 50  
 Mir grauet vor der Götter Reide;  
 Des Lebens ungemischte Freude  
 Ward keinem Irdischen zu teil.“

Der Ring des Polykrates.

13

„Auch mir ist alles wohl geraten,  
Bei allen meinen Herrscherthaten  
Begleitet mich des Himmels Schuld;  
Doch hatt' ich einen teuren Erben,  
Den nahm mir Gott, ich sah ihn sterben,  
Dem Glück bezahlt' ich meine Schuld. 55  
60

„Drum, willst du dich vor Leid bewahren,  
So flehe zu den Unsichtbaren,  
Daß sie zum Glück den Schmerz verleihn.  
Noch keinen sah ich fröhlich enden,  
Auf den mit immer vollen Händen 65  
Die Götter ihre Gaben streun.

„Und wenn's die Götter nicht gewähren,  
So acht' auf eines Freundes Lehren  
Und rufe selbst das Unglück her;  
Und was von allen deinen Schätzen 70  
Dein Herz am höchsten mag ergötzen,  
Das nimm und wirf's in dieses Meer!“

Und jener spricht, von Furcht bewegt:  
„Von allem, was die Insel heget,  
Ist dieser Ring mein höchstes Gut. 75  
Ihn will ich den Erinnen weihen,  
Ob sie mein Glück mir dann verzeihen,  
Und wirft das Kleinod in die Flut.

Und bei des nächsten Morgens Lichte,  
 Da tritt mit frühlichem Gesichte 80  
 Ein Fischer vor den Fürsten hin :  
 „Herr, diesen Fisch hab' ich gefangen,  
 Wie keiner noch ins Netz gegangen,  
 Dir zum Geschenke bring' ich ihn.“

Und als der Koch den Fisch zerteilet, 85  
 Kommt er bestürzt herbeigeeilet  
 Und ruft mit hoherstauntem Blick :  
 „Sieh, Herr, den Ring, den du getragen,  
 Ihn fand ich in des Fisches Magen,  
 O, ohne Grenzen ist dein Glück!“ 90

Hier wendet sich der Gast mit Grausen :  
 „So kann ich hier nicht ferner hausen,  
 Mein Freund kannst du nicht weiter sein.  
 Die Götter wollen dein Verderben ;  
 Fort eil' ich, nicht mit dir zu sterben.“ 95  
 Und sprach's und schiffte schnell sich ein.

### Ritter Toggenburg.

„Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe  
 Widmet euch dies Herz ;  
 Fordert keine andre Liebe,  
 Denn es macht mir Schmerz.

Ruhig mag ich euch erscheinen, 5  
 Ruhig gehen sehn;  
 Eurer Augen stilles Weinen  
 Kann ich nicht verstehn."

Und er hört's mit stummem Harne,  
 Reißt sich blutend los, 10  
 Preßt sie heftig in die Arme,  
 Schwingt sich auf sein Roß,  
 Schickt zu seinen Mannen allen  
 In dem Lande Schweiz;  
 Nach dem heil'gen Grab sie wallen. 15  
 Auf der Brust das Kreuz.

Große Thaten dort geschehen  
 Durch der Helden Arm;  
 Ihres Helmes Büsche wehen  
 In der Feinde Schwarm; 20  
 Und des Toggenburgers Name  
 Schreckt den Muselmann;  
 Doch das Herz von seinem Grame  
 Nicht genesen kann.

Und ein Jahr hat er's getragen, 25  
 Trägt's nicht länger mehr;  
 Ruhe kann er nicht erjagen  
 Und verläßt das Heer;

Sieht ein Schiff an Joppe's Strande,  
 Das die Segel bläht, 30  
 Schiffet heim zum teuren Lande,  
 Wo ihr Aem weht.

Und an ihres Schlosses Pforte  
 Klopft der Pilger an ;  
 Ach, und mit dem Donnerworte 35  
 Wird sie aufgethan :  
 „Die ihr suchet, trägt den Schleier,  
 Ist des Himmels Braut,  
 Gestern war des Tages Feier,  
 Der sie Gott getraut.“ 40

Da verläßet er auf immer  
 Seiner Väter Schloß,  
 Seine Waffen sieht er nimmer,  
 Noch sein treues Roß ;  
 Von der Toggenburg hernieder 45  
 Steigt er unbekannt,  
 Denn es deckt die edeln Glieder  
 Härene's Gewand.

Und erbaut sich eine Hütte  
 Jener Gegend nah, 50  
 Wo das Kloster aus der Mitte  
 Düst'rer Linden sah ;

Harrend von des Morgens Lichte  
 Bis zu Abends Schein,  
 Stille Hoffnung im Gesichte,  
 55  
 Saß er da allein.

Blicke nach dem Kloster drüben,  
 Blicke stundenlang  
 Nach dem Fenster seiner Lieben,  
 Bis das Fenster klang,  
 60  
 Bis die Liebliche sich zeigte,  
 Bis das teure Bild  
 Sich ins Thal herunter neigte,  
 Ruhig, engelmild.

Und dann legt' er froh sich nieder,  
 65  
 Schließ getröstet ein,  
 Still sich freuend, wenn es wieder  
 Morgen würde sein.  
 Und so saß er viele Tage,  
 Saß viel Jahre lang,  
 70  
 Harrend ohne Schmerz und Klage,  
 Bis das Fenster klang,

Bis die Liebliche sich zeigte,  
 Bis das teure Bild  
 75  
 Sich ins Thal herunter neigte,  
 Ruhig, engelmild.



Und so saß er, eine Leiche,  
 Eines Morgens da;  
 Nach dem Fenster noch das bleiche  
 Stille Antlitz sah.

80

### Die Kraniche des Ibykus.

Zum Kampf der Wagen und Gefänge,  
 Der auf Korinthus' Landesenge  
 Der Griechen Stämme froh vereint,  
 Zog Ibykus, der Götterfreund.  
 Ihm schenkte des Gesanges Gabe,  
 Der Lieber süßen Mund Apoll;  
 So wandert' er, an leichtem Stabe,  
 Aus Rhegium, des Gottes voll.

5

Schon winkt auf hohem Bergesrüden  
 Afrokorinth des Wandrers Blicken,  
 Und in Poseidons Fichtenhain  
 Tritt er mit frommem Schauder ein.  
 Nichts regt sich um ihn her, nur Schwärme  
 Von Kranichen begleiten ihn,  
 Die fernhin nach des Südens Wärme  
 In graulichem Geschwader ziehn.

10

15

„Seid mir gegrüßt, befreundte Scharen!  
 Die mir zur See Begleiter waren,

Zum guten Zeichen nehm' ich euch,  
Mein Los, es ist dem euren gleich. 20  
Von fern her kommen wir gezogen  
Und flehen um ein wirklich Dach —  
Sei uns der Gastliche gewogen,  
Der von dem Fremdling wehrt die Schmach!"

Und munter fördert er die Schritte 25  
Und sieht sich in des Waldes Mitte;  
Da sperren auf gedrängem Steg  
Zwei Mörder plötzlich seinen Weg.  
Zum Kampfe muß er sich bereiten,  
Doch bald ermattet sinkt die Hand, 30  
Sie hat der Leier zarte Saiten,  
Doch nie des Bogens Kraft gespannt.

Er ruft die Menschen an, die Götter,  
Sein Flehen dringt zu keinem Retter;  
Wie weit er auch die Stimme schickt, 35  
Nichts Lebendes wird hier erblickt.  
„So muß ich hier verlassen sterben,  
Auf fremdem Boden, unbeweint,  
Durch böser Buben Hand verderben,  
Wo auch kein Rächer mir erscheint!" 40

Und schwer getroffen sinkt er nieder,  
Da rauscht der Kraniche Gefieder;

Er hört, schon kann er nicht mehr sehn,  
 Die nahen Stimmen furchtbar krähn.  
 „Von euch, ihr Kraniche dort oben,  
 45 Wenn keine andre Stimme spricht,  
 Sei meines Mordes Klag' erhoben!“  
 Er ruft es, und sein Auge bricht.

Der nackte Leichnam wird gefunden,  
 Und bald, obgleich entstellt von Wunden,  
 50 Erkennt der Gastfreund in Korinth  
 Die Züge, die ihm teuer sind.  
 „Und muß ich so dich wiederfinden,  
 Und hoffte mit der Fichte Kranz  
 Des Sängers Schläfe zu umwinden,  
 55 Bestrahlt von seines Ruhmes Glanz!“

Und jammernd hören's alle Gäste,  
 Versammelt bei Poseidons Feste,  
 Ganz Griechenland ergreift der Schmerz,  
 Verloren hat ihn jedes Herz.  
 60 Und stürmend drängt sich zum Prytanen  
 Das Volk, es fordert seine Wut  
 Zu rächen des Erschlagenen Manen,  
 Zu süßnen mit des Mörders Blut.

Doch wo die Spur, die aus der Menge,  
 65 Der Völker flutendem Gedränge,

Gelocket von der Spiele Bracht,  
Den schwarzen Thäter kenntlich macht?  
Sind's Räuber, die ihn feig erschlagen?  
That's neidisch ein verborgner Feind? 70  
Nur Helios vermag's zu sagen,  
Der alles Irdische bescheint.

Er geht vielleicht mit frechem Schritte  
Jetzt eben durch der Griechen Mitte,  
Und während ihn die Rache sucht, 75  
Genießt er seines Frevels Frucht,  
Auf ihres eignen Tempels Schwelle  
Trotzt er vielleicht den Göttern, mengt  
Sich dreist in jene Menschenwelle,  
Die dort sich zum Theater drängt. 80

Denn Bank an Bank gedrängt sitzen,  
Es brechen fast der Bühne Stützen,  
Herbeigeströmt von fern und nah,  
Der Griechen Völker wartend da.  
Dampfbrausend, wie des Meeres Wogen, 85  
Von Menschen wimmelnd, wächst der Bau  
In weiter stets geschweiftem Bogen  
Hinauf bis in des Himmels Blau.

Wer zählt die Völker, nennt die Namen,  
Die gastlich hier zusammen kamen? 90

Von Theseus' Stadt, von Aulis' Strand,  
 Von Rhodis, vom Spartanerland,  
 Von Asiens entlegner Küste,  
 Von allen Inseln kamen sie  
 Und horchen von dem Schaugerüste 95  
 Des Chores grauser Melodie,

Der, streng und ernst, nach alter Sitte,  
 Mit langsam abgemessnem Schritte  
 Hervortritt aus dem Hintergrund,  
 Umwandelnd des Theaters Rund. 100  
 So schreiten keine ird'schen Weiber,  
 Die zeugete kein sterblich Haus!  
 Es steigt das Riesenmaß der Leiber  
 Hoch über menschliches hinaus.

Ein schwarzer Mantel schlägt die Lenden, 105  
 Sie schwingen in entfleischten Händen  
 Der Fackel düsterrote Glut,  
 In ihren Wangen fließt kein Blut;  
 Und wo die Haare lieblich flattern,  
 Um Menschenstirnen freundlich wehn, 110  
 Da sieht man Schlangen hier und Rattern  
 Die giftgeschwollenen Bäuche blähn.

Und schauerlich, gedreht im Kreise,  
 Beginnen sie des Hymnus Weise,

Der durch das Herz zerreißend bringt, 115  
Die Bande um den Sünder schlingt.  
Besinnungraubend, herzbethörend  
Schallt der Erinnern Gesang,  
Er schallt, des Hörers Muth verzehrend,  
Und duldet nicht der Leier Klang: 120

„Wohl dem, der frei von Schuld und Fehle  
Bewahrt die kindlich reine Seele!  
Ihm dürfen wir nicht rächend nahn,  
Er wandelt frei des Lebens Bahn.  
Doch wehe, wehe, wer verstoßen 125  
Des Mordes schwere That vollbracht!  
Wir heften uns an seine Sohlen,  
Das furchtbare Geschlecht der Nacht.

„Und glaubt er fliehend zu entspringen,  
Geflügelt sind wir da, die Schlingen 130  
Ihm werfend um den flücht'gen Fuß,  
Daß er zu Boden fallen muß.  
So jagen wir ihn, ohn' Ermatten,  
Versöhnen kann uns keine Reu',  
Ihn fort und fort bis zu den Schatten 135  
Und geben ihn auch dort nicht frei.“

So singend, tanzen sie den Reigen,  
Und Stille, wie des Todes Schweigen,

Siegt überm ganzen Hause schwer,  
 Als ob die Gottheit nahe wär'. 140  
 Und feierlich, nach alter Sitte,  
 Umwandelnd des Theaters Rund,  
 Mit langsam abgemessenem Schritte,  
 Verschwinden sie im Hintergrund.

Und zwischen Trug und Wahrheit schwebet 145  
 Noch zweifelnd jede Brust und bebet  
 Und huldiget der furchtbarn Macht,  
 Die richtend im Verborgnen wacht,  
 Die unerforschlich, unergründet  
 Des Schicksals dunkeln Knäuel flicht, 150  
 Dem tiefen Herzen sich verkündet,  
 Doch fliehet vor dem Sonnenlicht.

Da hört man auf den höchsten Stufen  
 Auf einmal eine Stimme rufen:  
 „Sieh da, sieh da, Timotheus,  
 Die Kraniche des Jbyfus!“ — 155  
 Und finster plötzlich wird der Himmel,  
 Und über dem Theater hin  
 Sieht man in schwärzlichem Gewimmel  
 Ein Kranichheer vorüberziehn. 160

„Des Jbyfus!“ — Der teure Name  
 Rührt jede Brust mit neuem Grame,

Und wie im Meere Well' auf Well',  
So läuft's von Mund zu Munde schnell:  
„Des Ibykus, den wir betheinen, 165  
Den eine Mörderhand erschlug!  
Was ist's mit dem? was kann er meinen?  
Was ist's mit diesem Kranichzug?“ —

Und lauter immer wird die Frage,  
Und ahnend fliegt's mit Blitzesschläge 170  
Durch alle Herzen: „Gebet acht,  
Das ist der Eumeniden Macht!  
Der fromme Dichter wird gerochen,  
Der Mörder bietet selbst sich dar —  
Ergreift ihn, der das Wort gesprochen, 175  
Und ihn, an den's gerichtet war!“

Doch dem war kaum das Wort entfahren,  
Nöcht' er's im Busen gern bewahren;  
Umsonst! Der schreckenbleiche Mund  
Macht schnell die Schuldbeuerten kund. 180  
Man reißt und schleppt sie vor den Richter,  
Die Scene wird zum Tribunal,  
Und es gestehn die Bösewichter,  
Getroffen von der Rache Strahl.



**Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer.** *1792*

Ein frommer Knecht war Fridolin,  
 Und in der Furcht des Herrn  
 Ergeben der Gebieterin,  
 Der Gräfin von Savern.  
 Sie war so sanft, sie war so gut,  
 Doch auch der Launen Übermut  
 Hätt' er geeifert zu erfüllen  
 Mit Freudigkeit, um Gottes willen.

5

Früh von des Tages erstem Schein,  
 Bis spät die Vesper schlug,  
 Lebte er nur ihrem Dienst allein,  
 That nimmer sich genug.  
 Und sprach die Dame: „Mach dir's leicht!“  
 Da wurd' ihm gleich das Auge feucht,  
 Und meinte, seiner Pflicht zu fehlen,  
 Durft' er sich nicht im Dienste quälen.

10

15

Drum vor dem ganzen Dienertroß  
 Die Gräfin ihn erhob;  
 Aus ihrem schönen Munde floß  
 Sein unerfchöpftes Lob.  
 Sie hielt ihn nicht als ihren Knecht,  
 Es gab sein Herz ihm Kindesrecht;  
 Ihr klares Auge mit Vergnügen  
 Ging an den wohlgestalteten Zügen.

20

Darob entbrennt in Roberts Brust, 25  
Des Jägers, gift'ger Groll,  
Dem längst von böser Schadenlust  
Die schwarze Seele schwoll;  
Und trat zum Grafen, rasch zur That  
Und offen des Verführers Rat, 30  
Als einst vom Jagen heim sie kamen,  
Streut' ihm ins Herz des Argwohns Samen:

„Wie seid ihr glücklich, edler Graf,“ .  
Hub er voll Arglist an,  
„Euch raubet nicht den goldnen Schlaf 35  
Des Zweifels gift'ger Zahn;  
Denn ihr besitzet ein edles Weib,  
Es gürtet Scham den keuschen Leib.  
Die fromme Treue zu berücken,  
Wird nimmer dem Versucher glücken.“ 40

Da rollt der Graf die finstern Brau'n:  
„Was redst du mir, Gesell?  
Werd' ich auf Weibestugend bau'n,  
Beweglich wie die Well'?  
Leicht locket sie des Schmeichlers Mund; 45  
Mein Glaube steht auf festerm Grund.  
Vom Weib des Grafen von Saverne  
Bleibt, hoff' ich, der Versucher ferne.“

Der andre spricht: „So denkt ihr recht.  
 Nur euren Spott verdient 50  
 Der Thor, der, ein geborner Knecht,  
 Ein solches sich erkühnt  
 Und zu der Frau, die ihm gebeut,  
 Erhebt der Wünsche Lüfterheit“ —  
 „Was?“ fällt ihm jener ein und bebet, 55  
 „Redst du von einem, der da lebet?“ —

„So doch, was aller Mund erfüllt,  
 Das bärg' sich meinem Herrn!  
 Doch, weil ihr's denn mit Fleiß verhüllt,  
 So unterdrück' ich's gern —“ 60  
 „Du bist des Todes, Bube, sprich!“  
 Ruft jener streng und fürchterlich.  
 „Wer hebt das Aug' zu Runigonden?“ —  
 „Nun ja, ich spreche von dem Blonden.

„Er ist nicht häßlich von Gestalt,“ 65  
 Führt er mit Arglist fort,  
 Indem's den Grafen heiß und kalt  
 Durchrieselt bei dem Wort.  
 „Ist's möglich, Herr? Ihr saht es nie,  
 Wie er nur Augen hat für sie? 70  
 Bei Tafel eurer selbst nicht achtet,  
 An ihren Stuhl gefesselt schmachtet?

„Seht da die Verse, die er schrieb  
Und seine Blut gesteht“ —  
„Gesteht!“ — „Und sie um Gegenlieb’,  
Der freche Bube! fleht.  
Die gnäd’ge Gräfin, sanft und weich,  
Aus Mitleid wohl verbarg sie’s euch;  
Mich reuet jetzt, daß mir’s entfahren,  
Denn, Herr, was habt ihr zu befahren?“

75

80

Da ritt in seines Bornes Wut  
Der Graf ins nahe Holz,  
Wo ihm in hoher Ofen Glut  
Die Eisenstufe schmolz.  
Hier nährten früh und spät den Brand  
Die Knechte mit geschäft’ger Hand;  
Der Funke sprüht, die Bälge blasen,  
Als gält’ es, Felsen zu verglasen.

85

Des Wassers und des Feuers Kraft  
Verbündet sieht man hier;  
Das Mühlrad, von der Flut gerast,  
Umwälzt sich für und für;  
Die Werke klappern Nacht und Tag,  
Im Takte pocht der Hämmer Schlag,  
Und bildsam von den mächt’gen Streichen  
Muß selbst das Eisen sich erweichen.

90

95

Und zweien Knechten winket er,  
 Bedeutet sie und sagt:  
 „Den ersten, den ich sende her,  
 Und der euch also fragt: 100  
 „„Habt ihr befolgt des Herren Wort?““  
 Den werft mir in die Hölle dort,  
 Daß er zu Asche gleich vergehe  
 Und ihn mein Aug nicht weiter sehe!“

Des freut sich das entmenschte Paar 105  
 Mit roher Henkerslust,  
 Denn fühllos, wie das Eisen, war  
 Das Herz in ihrer Brust.  
 Und frischer mit der Bälge Hauch  
 Erhizen sie des Ofens Bauch 110  
 Und schicken sich mit Mordverlangen  
 Das Todesopfer zu empfangen.

Drauf Robert zum Gesellen spricht  
 Mit falschem Heuchelschein:  
 „Frisch auf, Gesell, und säume nicht, 115  
 Der Herr begehret dein.“  
 Der Herr, der spricht zu Fridolin:  
 „Mußt gleich zum Eisenhammer hin  
 Und frage mir die Knechte dorten,  
 Ob sie gethan nach meinen Worten?“ 120

## Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer.

31

Und jener spricht: „Es soll geschehn!“  
Und macht sich flugs bereit.  
Doch sinnend bleibt er plötzlich stehn:  
„Ob sie mir nichts gebeut?“  
Und vor die Gräfin stellt er sich:  
„Hinaus zum Hammer schickt man mich;  
So sag, was kann ich dir verrichten?  
Denn dir gehören meine Pflichten.“

125

Darauf die Dame von Sabern  
Versetzt mit sanftem Ton:  
„Die heil'ge Messe hört' ich gern,  
Doch liegt mir krank der Sohn.  
So gehe denn, mein Kind, und sprich  
In Andacht ein Gebet für mich;  
Und denkst du reuig deiner Sünden,  
So laß auch mich die Gnade finden.“

130

135

Und froh der vielwillkommenen Pflicht,  
Macht er im Flug sich auf,  
Hat noch des Dorfes Ende nicht  
Erreicht in schnellem Lauf,  
Da tönt ihm von dem Glockenstrang  
Hellschlagend des Geläutes Klang,  
Das alle Sünder, hochbegrüßet,  
Zum Sakramente festlich ladet.

140

„Dem lieben Gotte weich' nicht aus,  
 Findst du ihn auf dem Weg!“ —  
 Er spricht's und tritt ins Gotteshaus;  
 Kein Laut ist hier noch reg';  
 Denn um die Ernte war's, und heiß  
 Im Felde glüht' der Schnitter Fleiß,  
 Kein Chorgehilfe war erschienen,  
 Die Messe kundig zu bedienen.

145

50

Entschlossen ist er alsobald  
 Und macht den Sakristan;  
 „Das,“ spricht er, „ist kein Aufenthalt,  
 Was fördert himmelan.“  
 Die Stola und das Cingulum  
 Hängt er dem Priester dienend um,  
 Bereitet hurtig die Gefäße,  
 Geheiligt zum Dienst der Messe.

155

160

Und als er dies mit Fleiß gethan,  
 Tritt er als Ministrant  
 Dem Priester zum Altar voran,  
 Das Meßbuch in der Hand,  
 Und knieet rechts und knieet links  
 Und ist gewärtig jedes Winks,  
 Und als des Sanctus Worte kamen,  
 Da schellt er dreimal bei dem Namen.

165

Drauf als der Priester fromm sich neigt  
Und, zum Altar gewandt, 170  
Den Gott, den gegenwärt'gen, zeigt  
In hoherhabner Hand,  
Da kündet es der Sakristan  
Mit hellem Glöcklein klingend an,  
Und alles kniet und schlägt die Brüste, 175  
Sich fromm bekreuzend vor dem Christe.

So übt er jedes pünktlich aus  
Mit schnell gewandtem Sinn;  
Was Brauch ist in dem Gotteshaus,  
Er hat es alles inn, 180  
Und wird nicht müde bis zum Schluß,  
Bis beim *Vo bis cum Do mi nus*  
Der Priester zur Gemein' sich wendet,  
Die heil'ge Handlung segnend endet.

Da stellt er jedes wiederum 185  
In Ordnung säuberlich;  
Erst reinigt er das Heiligtum,  
Und dann entfernt er sich  
Und eilt, in des Gewissens Ruh,  
Den Eisenhütten heiter zu, 190  
Spricht unterwegs, die Zahl zu füllen,  
Zwölf Paternoster noch im stillen.



Und als er rauchen sieht den Schlot  
 Und sieht die Knechte stehn,  
 Da ruft er: „Was der Graf gebot,  
 195  
 Ihr Knechte, ist's geschehn?“  
 Und grinsend zerren sie den Mund  
 Und deuten in des Ofens Schlund:  
 „Der ist besorgt und aufgehoben,  
 200  
 Der Graf wird seine Diener loben.“

Die Antwort bringt er seinem Herrn  
 In schnellem Lauf zurück.  
 Als der ihn kommen sieht von fern,  
 Kaum traut er seinem Blick:  
 „Unglücklicher! wo kommst du her?“ —  
 205  
 „Vom Eisenhammer.“ — „Nimmermehr!  
 So hast du dich im Lauf verspätet?“ —  
 „Herr, nur so lang, bis ich gebetet.

„Denn, als von eurem Angesicht  
 Ich heute ging, verzeiht!  
 210  
 Da fragt' ich erst, nach meiner Pflicht,  
 Bei der, die mir gebeut.  
 Die Messe, Herr, befahl sie mir  
 Zu hören; gern gehorcht' ich ihr  
 Und sprach der Rosenkränze viere  
 215  
 Für euer Heil und für das ihre.“

In tiefes Staunen sinket hier  
Der Graf, entsetzt sich:  
„Und welche Antwort wurde dir  
Am Eisenhammer? sprich!“ —  
„Herr, dunkel war der Rede Sinn,  
Zum Ofen wies man lachend hin:  
Der ist besorgt und aufgehoben,  
Der Graf wird seine Diener loben.“ —

220

„Und Robert?“ fällt der Graf ihm ein,  
Es überläuft ihn kalt,  
„Sollt' er dir nicht begegnet sein?  
Ich sandt' ihn doch zum Wald.“ —  
„Herr, nicht im Wald, nicht in der Flur  
Fand ich von Robert eine Spur.“ —  
„Nun,“ ruft der Graf und steht vernichtet,  
„Gott selbst im Himmel hat gerichtet!“

225

230

Und gütig, wie er nie gepflegt,  
Nimmt er des Dieners Hand,  
Bringt ihn der Gattin, tiefbewegt,  
Die nichts davon verstand:  
„Dies Kind, kein Engel ist so rein,  
Laßt's eurer Huld empfohlen sein!  
Wie schlimm wir auch beraten waren,  
Mit dem ist Gott und seine Scharen.“

235

240

### Der Kampf mit dem Drachen.

Was rennt das Volk, was wälzt sich dort  
 Die langen Gassen brausend fort?  
 Stürzt Rhodus unter Feuers Flammen?  
 Es rottet sich im Sturm zusammen,  
 Und einen Ritter, hoch zu Roß, 5  
 Gewahr' ich aus dem Menschentroß;  
 Und hinter ihm, welch Abenteuer!  
 Bringt man geschleppt ein Ungeheuer;  
 Ein Drache scheint es von Gestalt,  
 Mit weitem Krokodilestrachen, 10  
 Und alles blickt verwundert bald  
 Den Ritter an und bald den Drachen.

Und tausend Stimmen werden laut:  
 „Das ist der Lindwurm, kommt und schaut,  
 Der Hirt und Herden uns verschlungen! 15  
 Das ist der Held, der ihn bezwungen!  
 Viel andre zogen vor ihm aus,  
 Zu wagen den gewalt'gen Strauß,  
 Doch keinen sah man wiederkehren;  
 Den kühnen Ritter soll man ehren!“ 20  
 Und nach dem Kloster geht der Zug,  
 Wo Sanct Johannis des Täufers Orden,  
 Die Ritter des Spitals, im Flug  
 Zu Räte sind versammelt worden.

Und vor den edeln Meister tritt 25  
 Der Jüngling mit bescheidenem Schritt;  
 Nachdrängt das Volk, mit wildem Rufen,  
 Erfüllend des Geländers Stufen.  
 Und jener nimmt das Wort und spricht:  
 „Ich hab' erfüllt die Ritterpflicht. 30  
 Der Drache, der das Land verödet,  
 Er liegt von meiner Hand getödet,  
 Frei ist dem Wanderer der Weg,  
 Der Hirte treibe ins Gefilde,  
 Froh walle auf dem Felsensteg 35  
 Der Pilger zu dem Gnadenbilde.“

Doch strenge blickt der Fürst ihn an  
 Und spricht: „Du hast als Held gethan;  
 Der Mut ist's, der den Ritter ehret,  
 Du hast den kühnen Geist bewähret. 40  
 Doch sprich! was ist die erste Pflicht  
 Des Ritters, der für Christum ficht,  
 Sich schmücket mit des Kreuzes Zeichen?“  
 Und alle rings herum erblicken.  
 Doch er, mit edlem Anstand spricht, 45  
 Indem er sich errötend neiget:  
 „Gehorsam ist die erste Pflicht,  
 Die ihn des Schmuckes würdig zeigt.“

„Und diese Pflicht, mein Sohn,“ versetzt  
 Der Meister, „hast du frech verkehrt. 50

Den Kampf, den das Gesetz versaget,  
 Hast du mit freblem Mut gewaget!" —  
 „Herr, richte, wenn du alles weißt,"  
 Spricht jener mit gesetztem Geist,  
 „Denn des Gesetzes Sinn und Willen  
 Vermeint' ich treulich zu erfüllen.  
 Nicht unbedachtsam zog ich hin,  
 Das Ungeheuer zu bekriegen;  
 Durch List und klaggewandten Sinn  
 Versucht' ich's, in dem Kampf zu siegen.

55

60

„Fünf unsers Ordens waren schon,  
 Die Zierden der Religion;  
 Des kühnen Mutes Opfer worden;  
 Da wehrtest du den Kampf dem Orden.  
 Doch an dem Herzen nagte mir  
 Der Unmut und die Streitbegier,  
 Ja, selbst im Traum der stillen Nächte  
 Fand ich mich keuchend im Gefechte;  
 Und wenn der Morgen dämmernd kam  
 Und Kunde gab von neuen Plagen,  
 Da faßte mich ein wilder Gram,  
 Und ich beschloß, es frisch zu wagen.

65

70

„Und zu mir selber sprach ich dann:  
 Was schmückt den Jüngling, ehrt den Mann?  
 Was leisteten die tapfern Helden,  
 Von denen uns die Lieder melden,

75

Die zu der Götter Glanz und Ruhm  
 Erhub das blinde Heidentum?  
 Sie reinigten von Ungeheuern  
 Die Welt in kühnen Abenteuern, 80  
 Begegneten im Kampf dem Leun *de caulis*  
 Und rangen mit dem Minotaur<sup>en</sup>, *Minotaur.*  
 Die armen Opfer zu befreien,  
 Und ließen sich das Blut nicht dauren.

„Ist nur der Saracen es wert, 85  
 Daß ihn bekämpft des Christen Schwert?  
 Bekriegt er nur die falschen Götter?  
 Gesandt ist er der Welt zum Retter,  
 Von jeder Not und jedem Harm  
 Befreien muß sein starker Arm; 90  
 Doch seinen Mut muß Weisheit leiten,  
 Und List muß mit der Stärke streiten.  
 So sprach ich oft und zog allein,  
 Des Raubtiers Fährte zu erkunden;  
 Da flöste mir der Geist es ein, 95  
 Froh rief ich aus: Ich hab's gefunden!

„Und trat zu dir und sprach dies Wort:  
 „„Mich zieht es nach der Heimat fort.““  
 Du, Herr, willfahrtest meinen Bitten,  
 Und glücklich war das Meer durchschnitten. 100  
 Raum stieg ich aus am heim'schen Strand,  
 Gleich ließ ich durch des Künstlers Hand,

Getreu den wohlbemerkten Zügen  
 Ein Drachenbild zusammenfügen.  
 Auf kurzen Füßen wird die Last  
 Des langen Leibes aufgetürmet;  
 Ein schuppiicht Panzerhemd umfaßt  
 Den Rücken, den es furchtbar schirmet.

105

„Lang strecket sich der Hals hervor,  
 Und gräßlich, wie ein Höllenthor,  
 Als schnappt' es gierig nach der Beute,  
 Eröffnet sich des Rachens Weite,  
 Und aus dem schwarzen Schlunde dräun  
 Der Zähne stachelichte Reihn;  
 Die Zunge gleicht des Schwertes Spitze,  
 Die kleinen Augen sprühen Blicke;  
 In einer Schlange endigt sich  
 Des Rückens ungeheure Länge,  
 Rollt um sich selber fürchterlich,  
 Daß es um Mann und Roß sich schlänge.

110

115

120

„Und alles bild' ich nach genau  
 Und kleid' es in ein scheußlich Grau;  
 Halb Wurm erschien's, halb Molch und Drache,  
 Gezeuget in der gift'gen Lache.  
 Und als das Bild vollendet war,  
 Erwähl' ich mir ein Doggenpaar,  
 Gewaltig, schnell, von flinken Läufen,  
 Gewohnt, den wilden Ur zu greifen.

125

Die heß' ich auf den Lindwurm an,  
Erhöhe sie zu wilhem Grimme, 130  
Zu fassen ihn mit scharfem Zahn,  
Und lenke sie mit meiner Stimme.

„Und wo des Bauches weiches Vlies  
Den scharfen Bissen Blöße ließ,  
Da reiz' ich sie, den Wurm zu packen, 135  
Die spizen Zähne einzuhacken.  
Ich selbst, bewaffnet mit Geschöß,  
Besteige mein arabisch Roß,  
Von adeliger Zucht entstammet;  
Und als ich seinen Zorn entflammet, 140  
Rasch auf den Drachen spreng' ich's los  
Und stachl' es mit den scharfen Sporen  
Und merse zielend mein Geschöß,  
Als wollt' ich die Gestalt durchbohren.

„Ob auch das Roß sich grauend bäumt 145  
Und knirscht und in den Zügel schäumt,  
Und meine Doggen ängstlich stöhnen,  
Nicht rast' ich, bis sie sich gewöhnen.  
So üb' ich's aus mit Emsigkeit,  
Bis dreimal sich der Mond erneut; 150  
Und als sie jedes recht begriffen,  
Führ' ich sie her auf schnellen Schiffen.  
Der dritte Morgen ist es nun,  
Daß mir's gelungen, hier zu landen;



Den Gliedern gönnt' ich kaum zu ruhn,  
Bis ich das große Werk bestanden. 155

„Denn heiß erregte mir das Herz  
Des Landes frisch erneuter Schmerz,  
Zerrissen fand man jüngst die Hirten,  
Die nach dem Sumpfe sich verirrtten; 160  
Und ich beschließe rasch die That,  
Nur von dem Herzen nehm' ich Rat.  
Flugs unterricht' ich meine Knappen,  
Besteige den versuchten Rappen,  
Und von dem edeln Doggenpaar 165  
Begleitet, auf geheimen Wegen,  
Wo meiner That kein Zeuge war,  
Reit' ich dem Feinde frisch entgegen.

„Das Kirchlein kennst du, Herr, das hoch  
Auf eines Felsenberges Foch, 170  
Der weit die Insel überschauet,  
Des Meisters kühner Geist erbauet.  
Verächtlich scheint es, arm und klein,  
Doch ein Mirakel schließt es ein,  
Die Mutter mit dem Jesusknaben, 175  
Den die drei Könige begaben.  
Auf dreimal dreißig Stufen steigt  
Der Pilgrim nach der steilen Höhe;  
Doch, hat er schwindelnd sie erreicht,  
Erquickt ihn seines Heilands Nähe. 180

„Tief in den Fels, auf dem es hängt,  
 Ist eine Grotte eingesprengt,  
 Vom Tau des nahen Moors befeuchtet,  
 Wohin des Himmels Strahl nicht leuchtet.  
 Hier haufete der Wurm und lag, 185  
 Den Raub erspähend, Nacht und Tag.  
 So hielt er, wie der Höllendrache,  
 Am Fuß des Gotteshauses Wache;  
 Und kam der Pilgrim hergewallt  
 Und lenkte in die Unglücksstraße, 190  
 Hervorbrach aus dem Hinterhalt  
 Der Feind und trug ihn fort zum Fraße. *end*

„Den Felsen stieg ich jetzt hinan,  
 Ob ich den schweren Strauß begann;  
 Hin kniet' ich vor dem Christuskinde 195  
 Und reinigte mein Herz von Sünde.  
 Drauf gürt' ich mir im Heiligtum  
 Den blanken Schmuck der Waffen um,  
 Bewehre mit dem Spieß die Rechte, *an die*  
 Und nieder steig' ich zum Gefechte. 200  
 Zurück bleibt der Knappen Troß;  
 Ich gebe scheidend die Befehle  
 Und schwinge mich behend aufs Ross,  
 Und Gott empfehl' ich meine Seele.

„Raum seh' ich mich im ebenen Plan, 205  
 Flugs schlugen meine Doggen an.

Und bang beginnt das Roß zu feuchen  
 Und bäumet sich und will nicht weichen ;  
 Denn nahe liegt, zum Knäul geballt,  
 Des Feindes scheußliche Gestalt 210  
 Und sonnet sich auf warmem Grunde.  
 Auf jagen ihn die flinken Hunde ;  
 Doch wenden sie sich pfeilgeschwind,  
 Als es den Rachen gähnend theilet  
 Und von sich haucht den gift'gen Wind 215  
 Und winselnd wie der Schakal heulet.

„Doch schnell erfrisch' ich ihren Mut,  
 Sie fassen ihren Feind mit Mut,  
 Indem ich nach des Tieres Lende  
 Aus starker Faust den Speer versende ; 220  
 Doch machtlos, wie ein dünner Stab,  
 Prallt er vom Schuppenpanzer ab,  
 Und eh ich meinen Wurf erneuet,  
 Da bäumet sich mein Roß und scheuet  
 An seinem Basiliskensblick 225  
 Und seines Atems gift'gem Wehen,  
 Und mit Entsetzen springt's zurück,  
 Und jezo war's um mich geschehen —

„Da schwing' ich mich behend vom Roß,  
 Schnell ist des Schwertes Schneide bloß ; 230  
 Doch alle Streiche sind verloren,  
 Den Felsenharnisch zu durchbohren.

Und wütend mit des Schweifes Kraft  
 Hat es zur Erde mich gerafft;  
 Schon seh' ich seinen Rachen gähnen, 235  
 Es haut nach mir mit grimmen Zähnen,  
 Als meine Hunde, wutentbrannt,  
 An seinen Bauch mit grimm'gen Bissen  
 Sich warfen, daß es heulend stand,  
 Von ungeheurem Schmerz zerrissen. 240

„Und, eh es ihren Bissen sich  
 Entwindet, rasch erheb' ich mich,  
 Erspähe mir des Feindes Blöße *und packe es hart.*  
 Und stoße tief ihm ins Gefröse,  
 Nachbohrend bis ans Heft, den Stahl; 245  
 Schwarzquellend springt des Blutes Strahl.  
 Hin sinkt es und begräbt im Falle  
Mich mit des Leibes Riesenballe,  
 Daß schnell die Sinne mir vergehn.  
 Und als ich neugestärkt erwache, 250  
 Seh' ich die Knappen um mich stehn,  
 Und tot im Blute liegt der Drache.“

Des Beifalls lang gehemmte Luft  
 Befreit jetzt aller Hörer Brust,  
 So wie der Ritter dies gesprochen; 255  
 Und zehnfach am Gewölb gebrochen,  
 Wälzt der vermischten Stimmen Schall  
 Sich brausend fort im Widerhall.

<sup>Wunder</sup>  
 Laut fordern selbst des Ordens Söhne,  
 Daß man die Heldenstirne kröne,  
 Und dankbar im Triumphgeprä<sup>ng</sup>  
 Will ihn das Volk dem Volke zeigen;  
 Da faltet seine Stirne streng  
 Der Meister und gebietet Schweigen.

260

Und spricht: „Den Drachen, der dies Land  
 Verheert, schlugst du mit tapfrer Hand;  
 Ein Gott bist du dem Volke worden,  
 Ein Feind kommst du zurück dem Orden,  
 Und einen schlimmern Wurm gear  
 Dein Herz, als dieser Drache war.  
 Die Schlange, die das Herz vergiftet,  
 Die Zwi<sup>et</sup>tracht und Verderben stiftet,  
 Das ist der widerspenst'ge Geist,  
 Der gegen Zucht sich frech empöret,  
 Der Ordnung heilig Band zerreißt;  
 Denn der ist's, der die Welt zerstöret.

265

270

275

„Mut zeigt auch der Mameluck,  
 Gehorsam ist des Christen Schmu<sup>ck</sup>;  
 (Denn wo der Herr in seiner Größe  
 Gewandelt hat, in Knechtes Blöße,  
 Da stifteten, auf heil'gem Grund,  
 Die Väter dieses Ordens Bund,  
 Der Pflichten schwerste zu erfüllen,  
 Zu bändigen den eignen Willen.

280

Dich hat der eitle Ruhm bewegt, 285  
 Drum wende dich aus meinen Blicken!  
 Denn wer des Herren Joch nicht trägt,  
 Darf sich mit seinem Kreuz nicht schmücken."

Da bricht die Menge tobend aus,  
 Gewalt'ger Sturm bewegt das Haus, 290  
 Um Gnade flehen alle Brüder;  
 Doch schweigend blickt der Jüngling nieder,  
 Still legt er von sich das Gewand  
 Und küßt des Meisters strenge Hand  
 Und geht. Der folgt ihm mit dem Blicke, 295  
 Dann ruft er liebend ihn zurücke  
 Und spricht: „Umarme mich, mein Sohn!  
 Dir ist der härtere Kampf gelungen.  
 Nimm dieses Kreuz. Es ist der Lohn  
 Der Demut, die sich selbst bezwungen." 300

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Die Bürgschaft.

Zu Dionys, dem Tyrannen, schlich  
 Möros, den Dolch im Gewande;  
 Ihn schlugen die Häscher in Bande.  
 „Was wolltest du mit dem Dolche, sprich!“  
 Entgegnet ihm finster der Wüterich. — 5  
 „Die Stadt vom Tyrannen befreien!“ —  
 „Das sollst du am Kreuze bereuen.“

„Ich bin,“ spricht jener, „zu sterben bereit  
 Und bitte nicht um mein Leben ;  
 Doch willst du Gnade mir geben,  
 Ich flehe dich um drei Tage Zeit,  
 Bis ich die Schwester dem Gatten gefreit ;  
 Ich lasse den Freund dir als Bürgen :  
 Ihn magst du, entrinn' ich, ertwürgen.“

10

Da lächelt der König mit arger List  
 Und spricht nach kurzem Bedenken :  
 „Drei Tage will ich dir schenken ;  
 Doch wisse, wenn sie verstrichen, die Frist,  
 Ob du zurück mir gegeben bist,  
 So muß er statt deiner erblaffen,  
 Doch dir ist die Strafe erlassen.“

15

20

Und er kommt zum Freunde: „Der König gebet,  
 Daß ich am Kreuz mit dem Leben  
 Bezahle das frevelnde Streben ;  
 Doch will er mir gönnen drei Tage Zeit,  
 Bis ich die Schwester dem Gatten gefreit ;  
 So bleib du dem König zum Pfande,  
 Bis ich komme, zu lösen die Bande.“

25

Und schweigend umarmt ihn der treue Freund  
 Und liefert sich aus dem Tyrannen ;  
 Der andere ziehet von dannen. .

30

Und ehe das dritte Morgenrot scheint,  
Hat er schnell mit dem Gatten die Schwester vereint,  
Gilt heim mit sorgender Seele,  
Damit er die Frist nicht verfehle. 35

Da gießt unendlicher Regen herab,  
Von den Bergen stürzen die Quellen,  
Und die Bäche, die Ströme schwellen.  
Und er kommt ans Ufer mit wanderndem Stab,  
Da reißet die Brücke der Strudel hinab, 40  
Und donnernd sprengen die Wogen  
Des Gewölbes krachenden Bogen.

Und trostlos irrt er an Ufers Rand;  
Wie weit er auch spähet und blicket  
Und die Stimme, die rufende, schicket, 45  
Da stößet kein Rachen vom sichern Strand,  
Der ihn setze an das gewünschte Land,  
Kein Schiffer lenket die Fähr, e,  
Und der wilde Strom wird zum Meere.

Da sinkt er ans Ufer und weint und fleht, 50  
Die Hände zum Zeus erhoben:  
„O hemme des Stromes Toben!  
Es eilen die Stunden, im Mittag steht  
Die Sonne, und wenn sie niedergeht  
Und ich kann die Stadt nicht erreichen, 55  
So muß der Freund mir erblicken.“



Doch wachsend erneut sich des Stromes Wut,  
 Und Welle auf Welle zerrinnet,  
 Und Stunde an Stunde entrinnet.  
 Da treibt ihn die Angst, da faßt er sich Mut 60  
 Und wirft sich hinein in die brausende Flut  
 Und teilt mit gewaltigen Armen  
 Den Strom, und ein Gott hat Erbarmen.

Und gewinnt das Ufer und eilet fort  
 Und danket dem rettenden Gotte ; 65  
 Da stürzt die raubende Rotte  
 Hervor aus des Waldes nächtlichem Ort,  
 Den Pfad ihm sperrend, und schnaubet Mord  
 Und hemmet des Wanderers Eile  
 Mit drohend geschwungener Keule. 70

„Was wollt ihr?“ ruft er vor Schrecken bleich,  
 „Ich habe nichts als mein Leben,  
 Das muß ich dem Könige geben!“  
 Und entreißt die Keule dem nächsten gleich :  
 „Um des Freundes Willen erbarmet euch!“ 75  
 Und drei, mit gewaltigen Streichen,  
 Erlegt er, die andern entweichen.

Und die Sonne versendet glühenden Brand,  
 Und von der unendlichen Mühe  
 Ermattet, sinken die Kniee. 80

„O, hast du mich gnädig aus Räubershand,  
Aus dem Strom mich gerettet ans heilige Land,  
Und soll hier verschmachtend verderben  
Und der Freund mir, der liebende, sterben!“

Und horch! da sprudelt es silberhell, 85  
Ganz nahe, wie rieselndes Rauschen,  
Und stille hält er, zu lauschen;  
Und sieh, aus dem Felsen, geschwätzig, schnell,  
Springt murmelnd hervor ein lebendiger Quell,  
Und freudig bückt er sich nieder 90  
Und erfrischt die brennenden Glieder.

Und die Sonne blüht durch der Zweige Grün  
Und malt auf den glänzenden Matten  
Der Bäume gigantische Schatten;  
Und zwei Wanderer sieht er die Straße ziehn, 95  
Will eilenden Laufes vorüber fliehn,  
Da hört er die Worte sie sagen:  
„Jetzt wird er ans Kreuz geschlagen.“

Und die Angst beflügelt den eilenden Fuß,  
Ihn jagen der Sorge Qualen; 100  
Da schimmern in Abendroths Strahlen  
Von ferne die Zinnen von Syrakus,  
Und entgegen kommt ihm Philostratus,  
Des Hauses redlicher Hüter,  
Der erkennet entsetzt den Gebieter: 105

„Zurück! du rettetest den Freund nicht mehr,  
 So rette das eigene Leben!  
 Den Tod erleidet er eben.  
 Von Stunde zu Stunde gewartet' er  
 Mit hoffender Seele der Wiederkehr, 110  
 Ihm konnte den mutigen Glauben  
 Der Hohn des Tyrannen nicht rauben.“ —

„Und ist es zu spät, und kann ich ihm nicht  
 Ein Retter willkommen erscheinen,  
 So soll mich der Tod ihm vereinen. 115  
 Des rühme der blut'ge Tyrann sich nicht,  
 Daß der Freund dem Freunde gebrochen die Pflicht,  
 Er schlachte der Opfer zweie  
 Und glaube an Liebe und Treue!“

Und die Sonne geht unter, da steht er am Thor 120  
 Und sieht das Kreuz schon erhöht,  
 Das die Menge gaffend umstehet;  
 An dem Seile schon zieht man den Freund empor,  
 Da zertrennt er gewaltig den dichten Chor:  
 „Mich, Henker!“ ruft er, „ertwürget! 125  
 Da bin ich, für den er gebürget!“

Und Erstaunen ergreift das Volk umher,  
 In den Armen liegen sich beide  
 Und weinen vor Schmerzen und Freude.

## Das Eleusische Fest.

53

Da sieht man kein Auge thränenleer, 130  
Und zum Könige bringt man die Wundermär';  
Der fühlt ein menschliches Rühren,  
Läßt schnell vor den Thron sie führen.

Und blicket sie lange verwundert an;  
Drauf spricht er: „Es ist euch gelungen, 135  
Ihr habt das Herz mir bezwungen;  
Und die Treue, sie ist doch kein leerer Wahn,  
So nehmet auch mich zum Genossen an!  
Ich sei, gewährt mir die Bitte,  
In eurem Bunde der Dritte.“ 140

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## Das Eleusische Fest.

Bindet zum Kranze die goldenen Ähren,  
Flechtet auch blaue Cyänen hinein!  
Freude soll jedes Auge verklären,  
Denn die Königin ziehet ein,  
Die Bezähmerin wilber Sitten, 5  
Die den Menschen zum Menschen gesellt  
Und in friedliche, feste Hütten  
Wandelte das bewegliche Zelt.

Scheu in des Gebirges Klüften  
 Barg der Troglobyte sich ;  
 Der Nomade ließ die Triften  
 Wüste liegen, wo er strich.  
 Mit dem Wurffspieß, mit dem Bogen  
 Schritt der Jäger durch das Land ;  
 Weh dem Fremdling, den die Wogen  
 Warfen an den Unglücksstrand !

10

15

Und auf ihrem Pfad begrüßte,  
 Irrend nach des Kindes Spur,  
 Ceres die verlassne Küste,  
 Ach, da grünte keine Flur !  
 (Daß sie hier vertraulich weile,  
 Ist kein Obdach ihr gewährt ;  
 Keines Tempels heitre Säule  
 Zeuget, daß man Götter ehrt.

20

Keine Frucht der süßen Ähren  
 Lädt zum reinen Mahl sie ein ;  
 Nur auf gräßlichen Altären  
 Dorret menschliches Gebein.  
 Ja, so weit sie wandernd kreiste,  
 Fand sie Elend überall,  
 Und in ihrem großen Geiste  
 Zammert sie des Menschen Fall.

25

30

Find' ich fo den Menfchen wieder,  
Dem wir unfer Bild geliehn,  
Dessen fchöngestalte Glieder 35  
Droben im Olympus blühn?  
Gaben wir ihm zum Befize  
Nicht der Erde Götterschoß,  
Und auf feinem Königfize  
Schweift er elend, heimatlos? 40

Fühlt kein Gott mit ihm Erbarmen?  
Keiner aus der Sel'gen Chor  
Hebet ihn mit Wunderarmen  
Aus der tiefen Schmach empor?  
In des Himmels sel'gen Höhen 45  
Nühret fie nicht fremder Schmerz;  
Doch der Menfchheit Angst und Wehen  
Fühlet mein gequältes Herz.

Daß der Menfch zum Menfchen werde,  
Stift' er einen ew'gen Bund 50  
Gläubig mit der frommen Erde,  
Seinem mütterlichen Grund,  
Ehre das Gefez der Zeiten  
Und der Monde heil'gen Gang,  
Welche ftill gemeffen fchreiten 55  
Im melodifchen Gefang.

Und den Nebel theilt sie leise,  
 Der den Blicken sie verhüllt;  
 Plötzlich in der Wilden Kreise  
 Steht sie da, ein Götterbild.  
 Schwelgend bei dem Siegesmahle  
 Findet sie die rohe Schar,  
 Und die blutgefüllte Schale  
 Bringt man ihr zum Opfer dar.

60

Aber schauernd, mit Entsetzen  
 Wendet sie sich weg und spricht:  
 Blut'ge Tigermahle nehen  
 Eines Gottes Lippen nicht.  
 Keine Opfer will er haben,  
 Früchte, die der Herbst beschert,  
 Mit des Feldes frommen Gaben  
 Wird der Heilige verehrt.

65

70

Und sie nimmt die Wucht des Speeres  
 Aus des Jägers rauher Hand;  
 Mit dem Schaft des Mordgewehres  
 Furchet sie den leichten Sand,  
 Nimmt von ihres Kranzes Spitze  
 Einen Kern, mit Kraft gefüllt,  
 Senkt ihn in die zarte Nahe,  
 Und der Trieb des Reimes schwillt.

75

80

Und mit grünen Halmen schmücket  
Sich der Boden alsobald,  
Und so weit das Auge blicket,  
Wogt es wie ein goldner Wald.  
Lächelnd segnet sie die Erde, 85  
Flücht der ersten Garbe Bund,  
Wählt den Feldstein sich zum Herde,  
Und es spricht der Göttin Mund:

Water Zeus, der über alle  
Götter herrscht in Aethers Höhn, 90  
Daß dies Opfer dir gefalle,  
Laß ein Zeichen jetzt geschehn!  
Und dem unglücksel'gen Volke,  
Das dich, Hoher, noch nicht nennt,  
Nimm hinweg des Auges Wolke, 95  
Daß es seinen Gott erkennt!

Und es hört der Schwester Flehen  
Zeus auf seinem hohen Sitz;  
Donnernd aus den blauen Höhen  
Wirft er den gezackten Blitz. 100  
Brasselnd fängt es an zu lohen,  
Hebt sich wirbelnd vom Altar,  
Und darüber schwebt in hohen  
Kreisen sein geschwinder Nar.



Und gerührt zu der Herrscherin Füßen  
Stürzt sich der Menge freudig Gewühl,  
Und die rohen Seelen zerfließen  
In der Menschlichkeit erstem Gefühl,  
Werfen von sich die blutige Wehre,  
Öffnen den düstergebundenen Sinn  
Und empfangen die göttliche Lehre  
Aus dem Munde der Königin.

105

110

Und von ihren Thronen steigen  
Alle Himmlischen herab,  
Themis selber führt den Reigen,  
Und mit dem gerechten Stab  
Mißt sie jedem seine Rechte,  
Setzt selbst der Grenze Stein,  
Und des Styx verborgne Mächte  
Ladet sie zu Zeugen ein.

115

120

Und es kommt der Gott der Esse,  
Zeus' erfindungsreicher Sohn,  
Bildner künstlicher Gefäße,  
Hochgelehrt in Erz und Thon.  
Und er lehrt die Kunst der Zange  
Und der Blasebälge Zug;  
Unter seines Hammers Zwange  
Bildet sich zuerst der Pflug.

125

Und Minerva, hoch vor allen  
Ragend mit gewicht'gem Speer, 130  
Läßt die Stimme mächtig schallen  
Und gebeut dem Götterheer.  
Fefte Mauern will fie gründen,  
Jedem Schutz und Schirm zu fein,  
Die zerftreute Welt zu binden 135  
In vertraulichem Verein.

Und fie lenkt die Herrfcherfchritte  
Durch des Feldes weiten Plan,  
Und an ihres Fußes Tritte  
Heftet fich der Grenzgott an. 140  
Messend führet fie die Kette  
Um des Hügels grünen Saum;  
Auch des wilden Stromes Bette  
Schließt fie in den heil'gen Raum.

Alle Nymphen, Dreaden, 145  
Die der fchnellen Artemis  
Folgen auf des Berges Pfaden,  
Schwingend ihren Jägerspieß,  
Alle kommen, alle legen  
Hände an, der Jubel schallt, 150  
Und von ihrer Arzte Schlägen  
Krachend stürzt der Fichtenwald.

Auch aus seiner grünen Welle  
 Steigt der schilfbekränzte Gott,  
 Wälzt den schweren Floß zur Stelle 155  
 Auf der Göttin Machtgebot;  
 Und die leichtgeschürzten Stunden  
 Fliegen ans Geschäft gewandt,  
 Und die rauhen Stämme runden  
 Bierlich sich in ihrer Hand. 160

Auch den Meergott sieht man eilen;  
 Rasch mit des Tridentes Stoß  
 Bricht er die granitnen Säulen  
 Aus dem Erdgerippe los,  
 Schwingt sie in gewalt'gen Händen 165  
 Hoch, wie einen leichten Ball,  
 Und mit Hermes, dem behenden,  
 Türmet er der Mauern Wall.

Aber aus den goldnen Saiten  
 Lockt Apoll die Harmonie 170  
 Und das holde Maß der Zeiten  
 Und die Macht der Melodie.  
 Mit neunstimmigem Gesange  
 Fallen die Kamönen ein;  
 Leise nach des Liedes Klange 175  
 Fügt sich der Stein zum Stein.

Und der Thore weite Flügel  
 Setzet mit erfahrner Hand  
 Cybele und fügt die Riegel  
 Und der Schlösser festes Band. 180  
 Schnell durch rasche Götterhände  
 Ist der Wunderbau vollbracht,  
 Und der Tempel heitre Wände  
 Glänzen schon in Festespracht.

Und mit einem Kranz von Myrten 185  
 Naht die Götterkönigin,  
 Und sie führt den schönsten Hirten  
 Zu der schönsten Hirtin hin.  
 Venus mit dem holden Knaben  
 Schmücket selbst das erste Paar, 190  
 Alle Götter bringen Gaben  
 Segnend den Vermählten dar.

Und die neuen Bürger ziehen,  
 Von der Götter sel'gem Chor  
 Eingeführt, mit Harmonieen 195  
 In das gastlich offene Thor;  
 Und das Priesteramt verwaltet  
 Ceres am Altar des Zeus,  
 Segnend ihre Hand gefaltet,  
 Spricht sie zu des Volkes Kreis: 200

Freiheit liebt das Tier der Wüste,  
 Frei im Aether herrscht der Gott,  
 Ihrer Brust gewalt'ge Lüfte  
 Zähmet das Naturgebot ;  
 Doch der Mensch in ihrer Mitte  
 Soll sich an den Menschen reihn,  
 Und allein durch seine Sitte  
 Kann er frei und mächtig sein.

205

Windet zum Kranze die goldenen Ähren,  
 Flechtet auch blaue Ceyanen hinein !  
 Freude soll jedes Auge verklären,  
 Denn die Königin ziehet ein,  
 Die uns die süße Heimat gegeben,  
 Die den Menschen zum Menschen gesellt.  
 Unser Gesang soll sie festlich erheben,  
 Die beglückende Mutter der Welt !

210

215

---

**Hero und Leander.**

*Jabe*

Seht ihr dort die altergrauen  
 Schlösser sich entgegenschauen,  
 Leuchtend in der Sonne Gold,  
 Wo der Hellespont die Wellen  
 Brausend durch der Dardanellen  
 Hohe Felsenpforte rollt ?

5

Hört ihr jene Brandung stürmen,  
Die sich an den Felsen bricht?  
Asien riß sie von Europaen;  
Doch die Liebe schreckt sie nicht.

10

Heros und Leanders Herzen  
Rührte mit dem Pfeil der Schmerzen  
Amors heil'ge Göttermacht.  
Hero, schön wie Hebe blühend,  
Er, durch die Gebirge ziehend  
Rüstig, im Geräusch der Jagd.  
Doch der Väter feindlich Zürnen  
Trennte das verbundene Paar,  
Und die süße Frucht der Liebe  
Ging am Abgrund der Gefahr.

15

20

Dort auf Sestos' Felsenturme,  
Den mit ew'gem Wogensturme  
Schäumend schlägt der Hellespont,  
Saß die Jungfrau, einsam grauend,  
Nach Abydos' Küste schauend,  
Wo der Heißgeliebte wohnt.  
Ach, zu dem entfernten Strande  
Baut sich keiner Brücke Steg,  
Und kein Fahrzeug stößt vom Ufer;  
Doch die Liebe fand den Weg.

25

30

Auf des Labyrinthes Pfaden  
 Leitet sie mit sicherem Faden,  
 Auch den Blöden macht sie klug,  
 Beugt ins Joch die wilden Tiere,  
 Spannt die feuersprühnden Stiere 35  
 An den diamantnen Pflug.  
 Selbst der Styx, der neunfach fließet,  
 Schließt die Wagende nicht aus;  
 Mächtig raubt sie das Geliebte  
 Aus des Pluto finstern Haus. 40

Auch durch des Gewässers Fluten  
 Mit der Sehnsucht feur'gen Gluten  
 Stachelt sie Leanders Mut.  
 Wenn des Tages heller Schimmer  
 Bleichet, stürzt der kühne Schwimmer 45  
 In des Pontus finstre Flut,  
 Teilt mit starkem Arm die Woge,  
 Strebend nach dem teuren Strand,  
 Wo, auf hohem Söller leuchtend,  
 Winkt der Fackel heller Brand. 50

Und in weichen Liebesarmen  
 Darf der Glückliche ertwarmen  
 Von der schwer bestandnen Fahrt  
 Und den Götterlohn empfangen, *reclamer*

Den in seligem Umfängen 55  
 Ihm die Liebe aufgespart,  
 Bis den Säumenden Aurora  
 Aus der Wonne Träumen weckt  
 Und ins kalte Bett des Meeres  
 Aus dem Schoß der Liebe schreckt. 60

Und so flohen dreißig Sonnen  
 Schnell, im Raub verstohlner Wonnen,  
 Dem beglückten Paar dahin,  
 Wie der Brautnacht süße Freuden,  
 Die die Götter selbst beneiden, 65  
 Ewig jung und ewig grün.  
 Der hat nie das Glück gekostet,  
 Der die Frucht des Himmels nicht  
 Raubend an des Höllenflusses  
 Schauervollem Rande bricht. 70

Hesper und Aurora zogen  
 Wechselnd auf am Himmelsbogen;  
 Doch die Glücklichen, sie sahn  
 Nicht den Schmutz der Blätter fallen,  
 Nicht aus Nord's beeisten Hallen 75  
 Den ergrimten Winter nahn.  
 Freudig sahen sie des Tages  
 Immer kürzern, kürzern Kreis;



Für das längre Glück der Nächte  
Dankten sie bethört dem Zeus.

80

Und es gleichte schon die Wage  
An dem Himmel Nacht' und Tage,  
Und die holde Jungfrau stand  
Harrend auf dem Felsenschlosse,  
Sah hinab die Sonnenrosse  
Fliehen an des Himmels Rand.  
Und das Meer lag still und eben,  
Einem reinen Spiegel gleich,  
Keines Windes leises Weben  
Regte das kristallne Reich.

85

90

Luftige Delphinenscharen  
Scherzten in dem silberklaren  
Reinen Element umher,  
Und in schwärzlicht grauen Zügen,  
Aus dem Meergrund aufgestiegen,  
Kam der Tethys buntes Heer.  
Sie, die einzigen, bezeugten  
Den verstoßnen Liebesbund;  
Aber ihnen schloß auf ewig  
Hekate den stummen Mund.

95

100

Und sie freute sich des schönen  
Meeres, und mit Schmeicheltönen

Sprach sie zu dem Element: *an der See*  
 „Schöner Gott, du solltest trügen!  
 Nein, den Frebler straf' ich Lügen, 105  
 Der dich falsch und treulos nennt.  
 Falsch ist das Geschlecht der Menschen,  
 Grausam ist des Vaters Herz;  
 Aber du bist mild und gütig,  
 Und dich rührt der Liebe Schmerz. 110

„In den öden Felsenmauern  
 Müht' ich freudlos einsam trauern  
 Und verblühn in ew'gem Harn;  
 Doch du trägst auf deinem Rücken,  
 Ohne Rachen, ohne Brücken, 115  
 Mir den Freund in meinen Arm.  
 Grauenvoll ist deine Tiefe,  
 Furchtbar deiner Wogen Flut,  
 Aber dich erfleht die Liebe, *an der See*  
 Dich bezwingt der Heldenmut. 120

„Denn auch dich, den Gott der Wogen,  
 Rührte Gros' mächt'ger Bogen,  
 Als des goldnen Widbers Flug  
 Helle mit dem Bruder fliehend,  
 Schön in Jugendfülle blühend, 125  
 Über deine Tiefe trug.

Schnell, von ihrem Reiz besieget,  
 Griffst du aus dem finstern Schlund,  
 Bogst sie von des Widbers Rücken  
 Nieder in den Meeresgrund.

130

„Eine Göttin mit dem Gotte,  
 In der tiefen Wassergrotte,  
 Lebt sie jetzt unsterblich fort;  
 Hilfreich der verfolgten Liebe,  
 Zähmt sie deine wilden Triebe,  
 Führt den Schiffer in den Port.  
 Schöne Helle, holde Göttin,  
 Selige, dich fleh' ich an:  
 Bring auch heute den Geliebten  
 Mir auf der gewohnten Bahn!“

135

140

Und schon dunkelten die Fluten,  
 Und sie ließ der Fackel Gluten  
 Von dem hohen Söller wehn.  
 Leitend in den öden Reichen  
 Sollte das vertraute Zeichen  
 Der geliebte Wanderer sehn.  
 Und es saust und dröhnt von ferne,  
 Finster kräufelt sich das Meer,  
 Und es löscht das Licht der Sterne,  
 Und es naht gewitterschwer.

145

150

Auf des Pontus weite Fläche  
 Legt sich Nacht, und Wetterböe  
 Stürzen aus der Wolken Schoß;  
 Blitze zucken in den Lüften,  
 Und aus ihren Felsengrüften 155  
 Werden alle Stürme los,  
 Wühlen ungeheure Schlünde  
 In den weiten Wasserschlund;  
 Gähnend, wie ein Höllenrachen,  
 Öffnet sich des Meeres Grund. 160

„Wehe, weh mir!“ ruft die Arme  
 Jammernd. „Großer Zeus, erbarme!  
 Ach, was wagt' ich zu erslehn!  
 Wenn die Götter mich erhören,  
 Wenn er sich den falschen Meeren 165  
 Preisgab in des Sturmes Wehn!  
 Alle meergetwohnten Vögel  
 Ziehen heim, in eil'ger Flucht;  
 Alle sturmerprobten Schiffe  
 Bergen sich in sicherer Bucht. 170

„Ach, gewiß, der Unverzagte  
 Unternahm das oft Gewagte,  
 Denn ihn trieb ein mächt'ger Gott.  
 Er gelobte mir's beim Scheiden

Mit der Liebe heil'gen Eiden, 175  
 Ihn entbindet nur der Tod.  
 Ach, in diesem Augenblicke  
 Ringt er mit des Sturmes Wut,  
 Und hinab in ihre Schlünde  
 Reißt ihn die empörte Flut! 180

„Falscher Pontus, deine Stille  
 War nur des Verrates Hülle,  
 Einem Spiegel warst du gleich;  
 Tückisch ruhten deine Bogen,  
 Bis du ihn heraus betrogen 185  
 In dein falsches Lügenreich.  
 Jetzt, in deines Stromes Mitte,  
 Da die Rückkehr sich verschloß,  
 Läßest du auf den Berratnen  
 Alle deine Schrecken los!“ 190

Und es wächst des Sturmes Toben,  
 Hoch, zu Bergen aufgehoben,  
 Schwillt das Meer, die Brandung bricht  
 Schäumend sich am Fuß der Klippen;  
 Selbst das Schiff mit Eichenrippen 195  
 Nahte unzerschmettert nicht.  
 Und im Wind erlischt die Fackel,  
 Die des Pfades Leuchte war;

Schrecken bietet das Gewässer,  
Schrecken auch die Landung dar.

200

Und sie fleht zur Aphrodite,  
Daß sie dem Orkan gebiete,  
Sänftige der Wellen Zorn,  
Und gelobt, den strengen Winden  
Reiche Opfer anzuzünden,  
Einen Stier mit goldnem Horn.  
Alle Göttinnen der Tiefe,  
Alle Götter in der Höh'  
Fleht sie, lindernd Öl zu gießen  
In die sturmbewegte See.

205

210

„Höre meinen Ruf erschallen,  
Steig aus deinen grünen Hallen,  
Selige Leukothea!

Die der Schiffer in dem öden  
Wellenreich in Sturmesnöten  
Rettend oft erscheinen sah.

215

Reich' ihm deinen heil'gen Schleier, weil  
Der, geheimnisvoll gewebt,  
Die ihn tragen, unverletzlich  
Aus dem Grab der Fluten hebt!“

220

Und die wilden Winde schweigen,  
Hell an Himmels Rande steigen

Eos' Pferde in die Höh'.  
 Friedlich in dem alten Bette  
 Fließt das Meer in Spiegelsglätte, 225  
 Heiter lächeln Luft und See.  
 Sanfter brechen sich die Wellen  
 An des Ufers Felsenwand,  
 Und sie schwimmen, ruhig spielend,  
 Einen Leichnam an den Strand. 230

Ja, er ist's, der auch entselet  
 Seinem heil'gen Schwur nicht fehlet!  
 Schnellen Blicks erkennt sie ihn.  
 Keine Klage läßt sie schallen,  
 Keine Thräne sieht man fallen, 235  
 Kalt, verzweifelnd starrt sie hin.  
 Trostlos in die öde Tiefe  
 Blickt sie, in des Aethers Licht,  
 Und ein edles Feuer rötet  
 Das erbleichte Angesicht. 240

„Ich erkenn' euch, ernste Mächte!  
 Strenge treibt ihr eure Rechte,  
 Furchtbar, unerbittlich ein.  
 Früh schon ist mein Lauf beschlossen:  
 Doch das Glück hab' ich genossen, 245  
 Und das schönste Los war mein.

Lebend hab' ich deinem Tempel  
 Mich geweiht als Priesterin ;  
 Dir ein freudig Opfer sterb' ich,  
 Venus, große Königin !“ 250

Und mit fliegendem Gewande  
 Schwingt sie von des Turmes Rande  
 In die Meerflut sich hinab.  
 Hoch in seinen Flutenreichen  
 Wälzt der Gott die heil'gen Leichen, 255  
 Und er selber ist ihr Grab.  
 Und mit seinem Raub zufrieden,  
 Zieht er freudig fort und gießt  
 Aus der unerschöpften Urne  
 Seinen Strom, der ewig fließt. 260

— end —

Kassandra.

Freude war in Trojas Hallen,  
 Eh die hohe Feste fiel ;  
 Jubelhymnen hört man schallen  
 In der Saiten goldnes Spiel ;  
 Alle Hände ruhen müde 5  
 Von dem thränenvollen Streit,  
 Weil der herrliche Pelide  
 Priams schöne Tochter freit.



Und geschmückt mit Lorbeerreisern,  
 Festlich wallet Schar auf Schar 10  
 Nach der Götter heil'gen Häusern,  
 Zu des Thymbriers Altar.  
 Dumpf erbrausend durch die Gassen  
 Wälzt sich die bacchant'sche Lust,  
 Und in ihrem Schmerz verlassen 15  
 War nur eine traur'ge Brust.

Freudlos in der Freude Fülle,  
 Ungefellig und allein,  
 Wandelte Kassandra stille 20  
 In Apollos Lorbeerhain.  
 In des Waldes tieffte Gründe  
 Flüchtete die Seherin,  
 Und sie warf die Priesterbinde  
 Zu der Erde zürnend hin :

„Alles ist der Freude offen, 25  
 Alle Herzen sind beglückt,  
 Und die alten Eltern hoffen,  
 Und die Schwester steht geschmückt.  
 Ich allein muß einsam trauern,  
 Denn mich flieht der süße Wahn, 30  
 Und geflügelt diesen Mauern  
 Seh' ich das Verderben nah.

„Eine Fackel seh' ich glühen,  
Aber nicht in Hymens Hand ;  
Nach den Wolken seh' ich's ziehen, 35  
Aber nicht wie Opferbrand.  
Feste seh' ich froh bereiten,  
Doch im ahnungsvollen Geist  
Hör' ich schon des Gottes Schreiten,  
Der sie jammervoll zerreißt. 40

„Und sie schelten meine Klagen,  
Und sie höhnen meinen Schmerz.  
Einsam in die Wüste tragen  
Muß ich mein gequältes Herz,  
Von den Glücklichen gemieden 45  
Und den Fröhlichen ein Spott!  
Schweres hast du mir beschieden,  
Pythischer, du arger Gott!

„Dein Orakel zu verkünden,  
Warum warfdest du mich hin 50  
In die Stadt der ewig Blinden  
Mit dem aufgeschloßnen Sinn ?  
Warum gabst du mir zu sehen,  
Was ich doch nicht wenden kann ?  
Das Verhängte muß geschehen, 55  
Das Gefürchtete muß nahn.

„Frommt's, den Schleier aufzuheben,  
 Wo das nahe Schrecknis droht?  
 Nur der Irrtum ist das Leben,  
 Und das Wissen ist der Tod.  
 Nimm, o nimm die traur'ge Klarheit,  
 Mir vom Aug' den blut'gen Schein!  
 Schrecklich ist es, deiner Wahrheit  
 Sterbliches Gefäß zu sein.

60

„Meine Blindheit gib mir wieder  
 Und den fröhlich dunkeln Sinn!  
 Nimmer sang ich freud'ge Lieder,  
 Seit ich d e i n e Stimme hin.  
 Zukunft hast du mir gegeben,  
 Doch du nahmst den Augenblick,  
 Nahmst der Stunde fröhlich Leben —  
 Nimm dein falsch Geschenk zurück!

65

70

„Nimmer mit dem Schmuck der Bräute  
 Kränzt' ich mir das duft'ge Haar,  
 Seit ich deinem Dienst mich weihete  
 An dem traurigen Altar.  
 Meine Jugend war nur Weinen,  
 Und ich kannte nur den Schmerz,  
 Jede herbe Not der Meinen  
 Schlug an mein empfindend Herz.

75

80

„Fröhlich seh' ich die Gespielen,  
Alles um mich lebt und liebt  
In der Jugend Lustgefühlen,  
Mir nur ist das Herz getrübt.  
Mir erscheint der Lenz vergebens, 85  
Der die Erde festlich schmückt;  
Wer erfreute sich des Lebens,  
Der in seine Tiefen blickt!

„Selig preiß' ich Polyxenen  
In des Herzens trunknem Wahn, 90  
Denn den besten der Hellenen  
Hofft sie bräutlich zu umfahn.  
Stolz ist ihre Brust gehoben,  
Ihre Wonne faßt sie kaum,  
Nicht euch, Himmlische, dort oben 95  
Neidet sie in ihrem Traum.

„Und auch ich hab' ihn gesehen,  
Den das Herz verlangend wählt!  
Seine schönen Blicke flehen,  
Von der Liebe Blut beseelt. 100  
Gerne möcht' ich mit dem Gatten  
In die heim'sche Wohnung ziehn;  
Doch es tritt ein styg'scher Schatten  
Nächtlich zwischen mich und ihn.

„Ihre bleichen Larven alle  
 Sendet mir Proserpina ;  
 Wo ich wandre, wo ich walle,  
 Stehen mir die Geister da.  
 In der Jugend frohe Spiele  
 Drängen sie sich grausend ein,  
 Ein entsetzliches Gewühle !  
 Nimmer kann ich fröhlich sein.

105

110

„Und den Mordstahl seh' ich blinken  
 Und das Mörderauge glühn ;  
 Nicht zur Rechten, nicht zur Linken  
 Kann ich vor dem Schrecknis fliehn ;  
 Nicht die Blicke darf ich wenden,  
 Wissend, schauend, unverwandt  
 Muß ich mein Geschick vollenden,  
 Fallend in dem fremden Land.“ —

115

120

Und noch hallen ihre Worte —  
 Horch ! da bringt verworrner Ton  
 Fernher aus des Tempels Pforte,  
 Tot lag Thetis' großer Sohn !  
 Eris schüttelt ihre Schlangen,  
 Alle Götter fliehn davon,  
 Und des Donners Wolken hängen  
 Schwer herab auf Ilion.

125

Der Graf von Habsburg.

*Siehe*

Zu Aachen in seiner Kaiserpracht,  
Im altertümlichen Saale,  
Saß König Rudolfs heilige Macht  
Beim festlichen Krönungsmahle.

Die Speisen trug der Pfalzgraf des Rheins,  
Es schenkte der Böhme des perlenden Weins,  
Und alle die Wähler, die sieben,  
Wie der Sterne Chor um die Sonne sich stellt,  
Umstanden geschäftig den Herrscher der Welt,  
Die Würde des Amtes zu üben.

5

10

Und rings erfüllte den hohen Balkon  
Das Volk in freud'gem Gedränge;  
Laut mischte sich in der Posaunen Ton  
Das jauchzende Rufen der Menge;  
Denn geendigt nach langem verderblichen Streit  
War die kaiserlose, die schreckliche Zeit,  
Und ein Richter war wieder auf Erden.  
Nicht blind mehr waltet der eiserne Speer,  
Nicht fürchtet der Schwache, der Friedliche mehr,  
Des Mächtigen Beute zu werden.

15

20

Und der Kaiser ergreift den goldnen Pokal  
Und spricht mit zufriedenen Blicken:  
„Wohl glänzet das Fest, wohl pranget das Mahl,  
Mein königlich Herz zu entzücken;

Doch den Sänger vermiss' ich, den Bringer der Lust, 25  
 Der mit süßem Klang mir bewege die Brust  
 Und mit göttlich erhabenen Lehren.  
 So hab' ich's gehalten von Jugend an,  
 Und was ich als Ritter gepflegt und gethan,  
 Nicht will ich's als Kaiser entbehren." 30

Und sieh! in der Fürsten umgebenden Kreis  
 Trat der Sänger im langen Talare ;  
 Ihm glänzte die Locke silberweiß,  
 Gebleicht von der Fülle der Jahre.  
 „Süßer Wohlklang schläft in der Saiten Gold, 35  
 Der Sänger singt von der Minne Gold,  
 Er preiset das Höchste, das Beste,  
 Was das Herz sich wünscht, was der Sinn begehrt ;  
 Doch sage, was ist des Kaisers wert  
 An seinem herrlichsten Feste ? " — 40

„Nicht gebieten werd' ich dem Sänger," spricht  
 Der Herrscher mit lächelndem Munde,  
 „Er steht in des größeren Herren Pflicht,  
 Er gehorcht der gebietenden Stunde.  
 Wie in den Lüften der Sturmwind saust, 45  
 Man weiß nicht, von wannen er kommt und braust,  
 Wie der Quell aus verborgenen Tiefen,  
 So des Sängers Lied aus dem Innern schallt  
 Und wecket der dunkeln Gefühle Gewalt,  
 Die im Herzen wunderbar schliefen." 50

- Und der Snger rasch in die Saiten fllt  
Und beginnt sie mchtig zu schlagen :  
„Aufs Waidwerk hinaus ritt ein edler Held,  
Den flchtigen Gemsbock zu jagen.  
Ihm folgte der Knapp mit dem Jgergeschoß, 55  
Und als er auf seinem stattlichen Roß  
In eine Au kommt geritten,  
Ein Glcklein hrt er erklingen fern ;  
Ein Priester war's mit dem Leib des Herrn,  
Voran kam der Mesner geschritten. 60
- „Und der Graf zur Erde sich neiget hin,  
Das Haupt mit Demut entblhet,  
Zu verehren mit glaubigem Christensinn,  
Was alle Menschen erlset.  
Ein Bchlein aber raufchte durchs Feld, 65  
Von des Gießbachs reißenden Fluten geschwellt,  
Das hemmte der Wanderer Tritte ;  
Und beiseit legt jener das Sakrament,  
Von den Fußen zieht er die Schuhe behend,  
Damit er das Bchlein durchschritte. 70
- „Was schaffst du ? rebet der Graf ihn an,  
Der ihn verwundert betrachtet.  
Herr, ich walle zu einem sterbenden Mann,  
Der nach der Himmelskost schmachtet ;  
Und da ich mich nahe des Baches Steg, 75



Da hat ihn der strömende Gießbach hinweg  
 Im Strudel der Wellen gerissen.  
 Drum daß dem Lechzenden werde sein Heil,  
 So will ich das Wässerlein jetzt in Eil'  
 Durchwaten mit nackenden Füßen.

80

„Da setzt ihn der Graf auf sein ritterlich Pferd  
 Und reicht ihm die prächtigen Zäume,  
 Daß er labe den Kranken, der sein begehrt,  
 Und die heilige Pflicht nicht versäume.  
 Und er selber auf seines Knappen Tier  
 Vergnüget noch weiter des Jagens Begier;  
 Der andre die Reise vollführet,  
 Und am nächsten Morgen mit dankendem Blick,  
 Da bringt er dem Grafen sein Roß zurück,  
 Bescheiden am Zügel geführt.

85

90

„Nicht wolle das Gott, rief mit Demutssinn  
 Der Graf, daß zum Streiten und Jagen  
 Das Roß ich beschritte fürderhin,  
 Das meinen Schöpfer getragen!  
 Und magst du's nicht haben zu eignem Gewinnst,  
 So bleib' es gewidmet dem göttlichen Dienst!  
 Denn ich hab' es Dem ja gegeben,  
 Von dem ich Ehre und irdisches Gut  
 Zu Lehen trage und Leib und Blut  
 Und Seele und Atem und Leben.

95

100

„So mög' euch Gott, der allmächtige Hort,  
 Der das Flehen der Schwachen erhöret,  
 Zu Ehren euch bringen hier und dort,  
 So wie ihr jetzt ihn geehret.

Ihr seid ein mächtiger Graf, bekannt 105

Durch ritterlich Walten im Schweizerland ;

Euch blühen sechs liebliche Töchter.

So mögen sie, rief er begeistert aus,

Sechs Kronen euch bringen in euer Haus

Und glänzen die spätesten Geschlechter !“ 110

Und mit sinnendem Haupt saß der Kaiser da,

Als dächt' er vergangener Zeiten ;

Jetzt, da er dem Sänger ins Auge sah,

Da ergreift ihn der Worte Bedeuten.

Die Züge des Priesters erkennt er schnell 115

Und verbirgt der Thränen stürzenden Quell

In des Mantels purpurnen Falten.

Und alles blickte den Kaiser an

Und erkannte den Grafen, der das gethan,

Und verehrte das göttliche Walten. 120

Anmerkung. — Es gibt, der uns diese Anekdote überliefert hat, erzählt auch, daß der Priester, dem dieses mit dem Grafen von Habsburg begegnet, nachher Kaplan bei dem Kurfürsten von Mainz geworden und nicht wenig dazu beigetragen habe, bei der nächsten Kaiserwahl, die auf das große Interregnum erfolgte, die Gedanken des Kurfürsten auf den Grafen von Habsburg zu richten. — Für die, welche die Geschichte jener Zeit kennen, bemerke ich noch, daß ich recht gut weiß, daß Böhmen sein Erzamt bei Rudolfs Kaiserkrönung nicht ausübte.

**Das Siegesfest.**

Priams Feste war gesunken,  
Troja lag in Schutt und Staub,  
Und die Griechen, siegestrunken,  
Reich beladen mit dem Raub,  
Saßen auf den hohen Schiffen,  
Längs des Hellespontos Strand,  
Auf der frohen Fahrt begriffen  
Nach dem schönen Griechenland.

5

Stimmet an die frohen Lieder!  
Denn dem väterlichen Herd  
Sind die Schiffe zugetehrt,  
Und zur Heimat geht es wieder.

10

Und in langen Reihen, klagend,  
Saß der Trojerinnen Schar,  
Schmerzvoll an die Brüste schlagend,  
Bleich, mit aufgelöstem Haar.  
In das wilde Fest der Freuden  
Mischten sie den Wehgesang,  
Weinend um das eigne Leiden  
In des Reiches Untergang.

15

20

Lebe wohl, geliebter Boden!  
Von der süßen Heimat fern  
Folgen wir dem fremden Herrn.  
Ach, wie glücklich sind die Toten!

Und den hohen Göttern zündet 2:  
Kalkhas jekt das Opfer an ;  
Pallas, die die Städte gründet  
Und zertrümmert, ruft er an,  
Und Neptun, der um die Länder  
Seinen Wogengürtel schlingt, 30  
Und den Zeus, den Schreckensender,  
Der die Agis graufend schwingt.  
Ausgestritten, ausgerungen  
Ist der lange, schwere Streit,  
Ausgefüllt der Kreis der Zeit 35  
Und die große Stadt bezwungen.

Atrous' Sohn, der Fürst der Scharen,  
Übersah der Völker Zahl,  
Die mit ihm gezogen waren  
Einst in des Skamanders Thal. 40  
Und des Kammers finstre Wolke  
Zog sich um des Königs Blick ;  
Von dem hergeführten Volke  
Bracht' er wen'ge nur zurück.  
Drum erhebe frohe Lieder, 45  
Wer die Heimat wieder sieht,  
Wem noch frisch das Leben blüht !  
Denn nicht alle kehren wieder.

Alle nicht, die wieder kehren,  
Mögen sich des Heimzugs freun, 50

An den häuslichen Altären  
 Kann der Mord bereitet sein.  
 Mancher fiel durch Freundestücke,  
 Den die blut'ge Schlacht verfehlt!  
 Sprach's Ulyß mit Warnungsblicke,  
 55  
 Von Athenens Geist bejeelt.

Glücklich, wem der Gattin Treue  
 Rein und keusch das Haus bewahrt!  
 Denn das Weib ist falscher Art,  
 60  
 Und die Arge liebt das Neue.

Und des frisch erkämpften Weibes  
 Freut sich der Attrib und strickt  
 Um den Reiz des schönen Leibes  
 Seine Arme hochbeglückt.  
 Böses Werk muß untergehen,  
 65  
 Rache folgt der Frevelthat;  
 Denn gerecht in Himmels Höhen  
 Waltet des Kroniden Rat.

Böses muß mit Bösem enden;  
 An dem frevelnden Geschlecht  
 70  
 Rächet Zeus das Gastesrecht,  
 Wägend mit gerechten Händen.

Wohl dem Glücklichen mag's ziemen,  
 Ruft Dileus' tapfrer Sohn,  
 Die Regierenden zu rühmen  
 75  
 Auf dem hohen Himmelsthron!

Ohne Wahl verteilt die Gaben,  
 Ohne Billigkeit das Glück;  
 Denn Patroklos liegt begraben,  
 Und Thersites kommt zurück!  
 Weil das Glück aus seiner Tonnen  
 Die Geschicke blind verstreut,  
 Freude sich und jauchze heut,  
 Wer das Lebenslos gewonnen!

80

Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten!  
 Ewig werde dein gedacht,  
 Bruder, bei der Griechen Festen,  
 Der ein Turm war in der Schlacht.  
 Da der Griechen Schiffe brannten,  
 War in deinem Arm das Heil;  
 Doch dem Schlaunen, Vielgewandten  
 Ward der schöne Preis zu teil.  
 Friede deinen heil'gen Resten!  
 Nicht der Feind hat dich entrafft.  
 Ajax fiel durch Ajax' Kraft.  
 Ach, der Zorn verderbt die Besten!

85

90

95

Dem Erzeuger jetzt, dem großen,  
 Gießt Neoptolem des Weins:  
 Unter allen ird'schen Losen,  
 Hoher Vater, preis' ich deins.  
 Von des Lebens Gütern allen  
 Ist der Ruhm das höchste doch;

100

Wenn der Leib in Staub zerfallen,  
Lebt der große Name noch.

Tapftrer, deines Ruhmes Schimmer  
Wird unsterblich sein im Lied;  
Denn das ird'sche Leben flieht,  
Und die Toten dauern immer.

105

Weil des Liebes Stimmen schweigen

Von dem überwundnen Mann,

110

So will ich für Hektorn zeugen,

Huh der Sohn des Tydeus an, —

Der für seine Hausaltäre

Kämpfend, ein Beschürmer, fiel —

Krönt den Sieger größte Ehre,

115

Ehret ihn das schöne Ziel!

Der für seine Hausaltäre

Kämpfend sank, ein Schirm und Hort,

Auch in Feindes Munde fort

Lebt ihm seines Namens Ehre.

120

Nestor jezt, der alte Becher,

Der drei Menschenalter sah,

Reicht den laubumfränzten Becher

Der bethrünten Hekuba:

Trink ihn aus, den Trank der Labe,

125

Und vergiß den großen Schmerz!

Wundervoll ist Bacchus' Gabe,

Balsam fürs zerrißne Herz.

Trink ihn aus, den Trank der Labe,  
Und vergiß den großen Schmerz! 130  
Balsam fürs zerrißne Herz,  
Wundervoll ist Bacchus' Gabe.

Denn auch Niobe, dem schweren  
Zorn der Himmlischen ein Ziel,  
Kostete die Frucht der Ähren 135  
Und bezwang das Schmerzgefühl.  
Denn so lang die Lebensquelle  
Schäumt an der Lippen Rand,  
Ist der Schmerz in Lethes Welle  
Tief versenkt und festgebannt! 140  
Denn so lang die Lebensquelle  
An der Lippen Rande schäumt,  
Ist der Jammer weggeträumt,  
Fortgespült in Lethes Welle.

Und von ihrem Gott ergriffen, 145  
Hub sich jetzt die Seherin,  
Blickte von den hohen Schiffen  
Nach dem Rauch der Heimat hin:  
Rauch ist alles ird'sche Wesen;  
Wie des Dampfes Säule weht, 150  
Schwinden alle Erdengrößen,  
Nur die Götter bleiben stet.



Wenn der Leib in Staub zerfallen,  
Lebt der große Name noch.

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Wird unsterblich sein im Lied;  
Denn das ird'sche Leben flieht,  
Und die Toten dauern immer.

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115

Ehret ihn das schönre Ziel!

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Lebt ihm seines Namens Ehre.

120

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Blickte von den hohen Schiffen  
Nach dem Rauch der Heimat hin:  
Rauch ist alles ird'sche Wesen;  
Wie des Dampfes Säule weht, 150  
Schwinden alle Erdengrößen,  
Nur die Götter bleiben stet.

Um das Roß des Reiters schweben,  
 Um das Schiff die Sorgen her;  
 Morgen können wir's nicht mehr,  
 Darum laßt uns heute leben!

155

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### Der Alpenjäger.

Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten?  
 Lämmlein ist so fromm und sanft,  
 Nährt sich von des Grases Blüten,  
 Spielend an des Baches Rausch.  
 „Mutter, Mutter, laß mich gehen,  
 Jagen nach des Berges Höhen!“

5

Willst du nicht die Herde locken  
 Mit des Hornes munterm Klang?  
 Lieblich tönt der Schall der Glocken  
 In des Waldes Lustgesang.  
 „Mutter, Mutter, laß mich gehen,  
 Schweifen auf den wilden Höhen!“

10

Willst du nicht der Blümlein warten,  
 Die im Beete freundlich stehn?  
 Draußen ladet dich kein Garten;  
 Wild ist's auf den wilden Höhen!  
 „Laß die Blümlein, laß sie blühen!  
 Mutter, Mutter, laß mich ziehen!“

15

Und der Knabe ging zu jagen,  
 Und es treibt und reißt ihn fort, 20  
 Raftlos fort mit blindem Wagen,  
 An des Berges finstern Ort;  
 Vor ihm her mit Windesschnelle  
 Fliehet die zitternde Gazelle.

Auf der Felsen nackte Rippen 25  
 Klettert sie mit leichtem Schwung,  
 Durch den Riß geborstner Klippen  
 Trägt sie der gewagte Sprung;  
 Aber hinter ihr verwogen  
 Folgt er mit dem Todesbogen. 30

Jetzt auf den schroffen Zinken  
 Hängt sie, auf dem höchsten Grat,  
 Wo die Felsen jäh versinken  
 Und verschwunden ist der Pfad.  
 Unter sich die steile Höhe, 35  
 Hinter sich des Feindes Nähe.

Mit des Jammers stummen Blicken  
 Fleht sie zu dem harten Mann,  
 Fleht umsonst, denn loszudrücken  
 Legt er schon den Bogen an; 40  
 Plötzlich aus der Felsenspalte  
 Tritt der Geist, der Bergesalte.

Und mit seinen Götterhänden  
Schützt er das gequälte Tier.  
„Mußt du Tod und Jammer senden,“  
Ruft er, „bis herauf zu mir?  
Raum für alle hat die Erde;  
Was verfolgt du meine Herde?“

## NOTES.

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### ABBREVIATIONS:

A.<sup>98</sup>: *Musen Almanach* für 1798.

A.<sup>99</sup>: " " " 1799.

G.<sup>1</sup>: Schillers *Gedichte*, Leipzig, 1800-3.

G.<sup>2</sup>: " " " 2. Aufl., 1804-5.

T.<sup>98</sup>: *Taschenbuch* für Damen für 1802.

T.<sup>99</sup>: " " " auf das Jahr 1803.

T.<sup>04</sup>: " " " " " " 1804.

B. T.: Herders *Taschenbuch* zum geselligen Vergnügen, 1806.

MS. 1805: Manuscript of a proposed *édition de luxe* of the poem.

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### **Der Taucher.**

[ **DATE OF COMPOSITION.**—Schillers *Calender* vom 18. Juli 1795 bis 1805, herausgegeben von Emilie von Gleichen-Rußwurm, geb. von Schiller, Stuttgart, Cotta, 1865, p. 43, states that *Der Taucher* was begun June 5th, 1797, and finished June 14th.

**SOURCE.**—The version of the facts in the popular legend of which Schiller availed himself in composing the *Taucher* is not known. In a letter to Goethe, Aug. 7, 1797, Schiller expressly denies knowledge of the version by Athanasius Kircher, given below, which shows among all now known versions closest resemblance to his own poem: "I learn [from a letter of Herder's] that in the *Taucher* I have been merely working over with some success the narrative of a certain Nicholas Pesce, who has either related or sung the story. Do you know perchance this Nicholas Pesce, with whom I have so unexpectedly become a competitor?" Whatever may have been

Schiller's immediate authority, it cannot be doubted that he treated his facts with artistic freedom. The following translation of Kircher's version of the story,<sup>1</sup> which cannot be very dissimilar to the sources which Schiller consulted, is given mainly to help in showing by comparison Schiller's art as a poet.

"I will add here a story of events which happened in the time of King Frederick of Sicily, confirming what has been formerly related of the unevenness of the bottom of the ocean. At that time there lived in Sicily a very famous diver by the name of Nicholas, who was generally called *Pescecola*, that is Nicholas the Fish, on account of his proficiency in swimming. Accustomed to the sea from boyhood, and superior to every one in swimming, he employed himself almost solely in collecting from the bottom of the sea, oysters, corals and the like, from the sale of which he gained his livelihood. His work in the sea was so attractive to him that he spent often four or five days at it, subsisting on raw fish. He swam frequently to Calabria and back in the capacity of a letter-carrier, and was said more than once to have swum to the Lipari Islands. Sometimes rowing-vessels found him in the midst of the foaming, stormy waters near Calabria. At first the boatmen took him for a sea-monster, but a few recognized him, and he was taken on board. Upon being asked where he was going in such a stormy sea, he replied, that he was carrying to a certain city letters so ingeniously protected in a leathern bag that they were uninjured by water. Finally, after some conversation and a good meal, he bade the sailors good-bye, and committed himself again to the waves. It was also related that staying so continually in the sea had changed his nature, so that he was more like an amphibious animal than a man; that a web or membrane like that of a goose grew between his fingers, and his lungs expanded so that

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<sup>1</sup> Given in the Latin original in Goedeke's *"Hist. Crit. Ausgabe von Schiller's Geb."*, 1871, p. 445.

he could inhale enough air to last a whole day. Now, on one occasion the King of Sicily was in Messina, and heard all sorts of wonderful stories of this diver, and was led by curiosity and the desire of seeing the man to summon him into his presence. He appeared, but not till they had sought him a long time on land and sea. The king had heard wonderful reports of the neighboring Charybdis. Such a favorable opportunity now offering, he determined to have the depths of the gulf searched, and considered that no one could do this better than Nicholas. So he ordered him to dive into the depths of the gulf, but when Nicholas alleged the extreme peril known only to himself, and seemed to object strongly to the command of the king, the latter, in order to inspire him with courage for the undertaking, had a golden cup thrown into the gulf with the promise that it should be his if he would bring it up again. Enticed by the gold, Nicholas accepted the condition, and soon plunged into the midst of the whirlpool. Here he remained almost three-quarters of an hour, during which time the king and the others present anxiously awaited him. At length with terrible force he was thrown up from the bottom of the sea. He held up in triumph the cup which had been cast into the waters, and was led into the palace. Exhausted by great exertion, he first refreshed himself with a generous meal, and indulged in a short nap before being presented to the king. On being questioned as to what he had met in the bottom of the sea, he addressed the king thus: 'Most gracious sovereign, I have executed thy commands; but had I previously known what I now do, and hadst thou promised me even the half of thy kingdom, never would I have obeyed thee. I have done what was exceedingly rash, for first deeming it rash to disobey the command of the king.' The king questioning more narrowly as to this rashness, the diver replied:

'Know thou, O king, there are four things which render this place impassable and frightful to the very fishes, not to speak of divers like



myself: firstly, the raging and roaring of the waters, as they rush forth out of the innermost caves of the sea. A man, though he be the strongest, can scarcely withstand this; and even I had not the power, but was forced to make my way through other side-passages into the deep; secondly, the number of the cliffs projecting everywhere, the foot of which I reached only with the greatest danger to life and limb; thirdly, the roar of the underground waters, which with terrific force break forth from the innermost abysses of the cliffs, and whose meeting tides produce such fearful whirlpools that the bare fright is enough to cause the death of the terrified swimmer; fourthly, the swarm of monstrous polyps, cleaving to the sides of the cliffs, with their arms far extended, filled me with the greatest horror. I saw one whose body alone was larger than a man, his tentacles ten feet long, or more; and if these had fastened on me, the mere embrace had killed me, drawn to it in the inevitable peril of death. In the neighboring caves of the rocks swarmed fishes of monstrous size, which are called dogs—popularly, *Pesce cane*. They have jaws with triple rows of teeth, and are similar to dolphins (*delphinis*) in size. No one is safe from their fury, and he whom they have once caught in their teeth you may be sure is lost. No sword, no needle is so sharp as the teeth of these sea-monsters; they surpass even these instruments in sharpness, and with them they rend everything.'

After he had related all this in order, he was asked how he had been able to find the cup so soon. He answered, that in consequence of the furious currents the cup had not sunk to the bottom, but very soon had been, like himself, drawn aside by the pressure of the waves, and he had found it in the hollow of a rock. Had it sunk to the bottom, he could have had no hope of finding it in the boiling waters and mad rush of the whirlpool; for the underground waters, which are now swallowed into the abyss, or now again ejected, rage with such force that no power can withstand them. Besides, the sea is so deep that the darkness is almost Cimmerian.

Upon being asked about the formation of the channel, he replied: "It is, from end to end, full of innumerable rocks; and the alternating currents of the waters at the foot of the same occasion the whirlpool on the surface, which the sailors know, to the great risk of their crafts."

He was now asked if he had courage enough to try again the bottom of the Charybdis. He replied: "No." But now again a purse of gold, together with a costly cup, thrown into the Charybdis, overcame his reluctance. Induced by the "accursed greed of gold," he plunged a second time into the abyss, but rose no more. Perhaps he was forced, by the violence of the currents, into the labyrinth of rocks, or fell a prey to the fishes he had so feared.

The story, thus recorded in the public acts of the realm, was told me by the keeper of the archives."

TITLE. — *Der Zaucher. Ballade.* A.<sup>88</sup> G.<sup>1</sup> G.<sup>2</sup>; *Der Zaucher.* MS. 1805.

1) Rittersmann [Ritter G<sup>1</sup>] oder Knapp = es sei nun Ritter oder Knappe, be he knight or squire.

7) spricht ] sprach A.<sup>88</sup>.

10) der Charybde Geheul. The dangers of the whirlpool Charybdis, and the rock Scylla opposite, are said to be now not so formidable as the ancients and later tradition depict them. Cf. Homer's description, *Odyss.* XII., 234-43 :

"Next we began to sail up the narrow strait, lamenting. For on the one hand lay Scylla, and on the other mighty Charybdis in terrible wise sucked down the salt sea-water. As often as she belched it forth, like a cauldron on a great fire, she would seethe up through all her troubled deeps, and overhead the spray fell on the tops of either cliff. But oft as she gulped down the salt sea-water, within she was all plain to see through her troubled deeps, and the rock around roared horribly, and beneath the earth was manifest swart with

sand, and pale fear gat hold on my men," — *Butcher and Lang's Trans.*

11) der Beherzte . . . Zu tauchen = beherzt genug um zu tauchen.

20) Edelstuch, squire of high degree. — fed. This word is, according to Goetzing, applied in Upper Germany, i. e. in Sch.'s home, to a healthy, strong, courageous and firm man, with nothing of the depreciatory sense elsewhere often attached to the word.

XX 31) The use of und contributes to one's perception of the fact that the eye and ear perceive everything at once. Goethe wrote to S. from Switzerland, Sept. 25th, 1797: "I had almost forgotten to tell you, that the truth to nature of the verse: Es wasset und siedet und brauset und jüdet, etc., was admirably attested at the Falls of the Rhine. I was especially struck with the way in which it included the principal phenomena of the vast spectacle."

33) Compare Virgil's *Æneid*, III., 420-4:

"There the right-hand coast is held by Scylla, the left by Charybdis, ever hungering, who, at the bottom of the whirling abyss, thrice a day draws the huge waves down her precipitous throat, and in turn upheaves them to the sky, and lashes the stars with their spray." — *Conington's Trans.*

33, 69) sprühet: S. wrote sprühet, which dialectic form Körner, 1814, and subsequent eds., have changed to sprühet.

43) wiederkehrt ] zurückkehrt A<sup>88</sup>.

48) Rachen: Compare, *the jaws of death*. In accordance with the natural tendency to personify the forces of nature, the Grecian mythology already referred to Charybdis as an insatiable, all-devouring monster, which was, possibly later, localized in this Sicilian strait. Turner and Morshead, *Selections from S.'s Lyrical Poems*, p. 164, cite very appositely Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, ch. xi.: "The sea remembers nothing; it will crack your bones and eat you, and wipe the crimson foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened." — nimmer = nicht mehr. Comp. *Rassandra*, 112.

53) The alliteration, combined with the length of the accented vowels, renders this one of the most effective lines of the ballad.

54) es harrt, there is waiting.

55-66) "Among so much that is beautiful in this ballad, I consider these two stanzas most beautiful of all. The narrative pauses here; the first act has ended, the curtain fallen, and we share the anxious suspense of the spectators. .... With the ancients, after the end of each act, the Chorus advanced upon the stage and spoke gravely of the previous action of the drama, and prepared the spectators for what was to come. Wholly in harmony with the spirit of the ancient Chorus, the poet introduces here one of the spectators as a speaker." *Goetzingen, Deutsche Dichter*, II., 169. X

59) verhehle, may conceal.

74) The use of the expletive shows the momentary uncertainty of the spectators as to what the swan-white object is.

75) bloß: unusual extension of the meaning: bare, exposed, visible.

90) also, and spoke thus.

92) rofigten (more commonly without t): S. defends the use of this epithet and that of 110, purpurner, on scientific grounds in a letter to Körner, July 21, 1797. X

94-6) Viehoff, Schiller's Gedichte erläutert, 5. Aufl., II. 249, finds in these lines the fundamental idea of the present ballad. "We are not rashly to cross the boundaries which the Deity has set for us; else we fall inevitably into destruction." For a similar motive, compare S.'s poem, Das verschleierte Bild zu Sais. The truth of these words was to be proved by the youth who uttered them. X

94) Götter: The time of the ballad is the Middle Ages, so that strictly speaking, the plural is incorrectly used. S. had used also the singular Gott, l. 44.

104) schrecklichen Not, instead of schrecklichsten Not, has been defended as being = Schreckensnot.

113) "The fact that Salamanders and Lizards (*Molche*) never live in the deep sea was of no more concern to S. than the existence of the dragons of Fable. He makes the squire speak of the most terrible beasts, whose very names fill us with horror." — *Düntzer*, *Schiller's Iyrische Gedichte erläutert*, IV., 265.

114) *regt' ] regte* A.<sup>88</sup>, G<sup>1</sup>., *regt* G<sup>2</sup>.

117) *stachlichte*, unusual, for *stachelige*.

121) *war's mir ] war mir's* A.<sup>88</sup> — 's, gen. sing. neuter, "of it."

127) Goetzinger draws attention to the artistic construction of this and the following lines. The slow movement of the language in l. 127 is followed by the precipitous rush of words descriptive of action under the influence of terror.

133) *darob*, rare and archaic, used now only in elevated diction, here, instead of *darüber*.

149) *Ehgemahl*: The context does not show whether the word is nom. masc. or acc. neut.

153) *Gestalt*: This word seems to have to carry the double meaning of features and form. Comp. Fr. *figure*.

157-162) The dramatic effect of this abrupt conclusion has been often referred to.

### **Der Handschuh.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. — Schiller's *Calendar* states that *Der Handschuh* was finished June 19th, 1797. The *Taucher* had been completed June 14, only five days before. On June 18th S. wrote Goethe: "I have written a little poetry, a short after-piece to the *Taucher*, under the inspiration of an anecdote in S. Foix, *Essay sur Paris*." S. enclosed a copy of the *Handschuh*, which Goethe returned on the 21st. The discrepancy in the date may be explained by the entry in the

Calendar, which states that S. wrote Goethe June 20th, probably the day of *sending* the letter.

SOURCE.—“Rue des Lions, près Saint Paul.—Cette rue prit son nom du bâtiment et des cours où étoient renfermés les grands et les petits lions du Roi. Un jour que François I. s’amusoit à regarder un combat de ses lions, une Dame ayant laissé tomber son gant, dit à De Lorges, si vous voulez que je croye que vous m’aimez autant que vous me le jurez tous les jours, allez ramasser mon gant. De Lorges descend, ramasse le gant au milieu de ces terribles animaux, remonte, le jette au nez de la Dame, et depuis, malgré toutes les avances et les agaceries qu’elle lui faisoit, ne voulut jamais la voir.” (*Brantome, Dames galantes*, quoted in “*Essais historiques sur Paris, de Monsieur de Saintfoix. Quatrième édition. Tome premier. A Paris. MDCCLXVI.*” p. 226-7.)

TITLE.—Der Händſchuh. Erzählung. A.<sup>8</sup> G.<sup>1</sup> G.<sup>2</sup>, Der Händſchuh, MS. 1805. S. styled the poem an *Erzählung* at first, possibly because of its brevity and anecdotal character, and not a *Ballade* or *Romanze*, one constant feature of which was division into stanzas. Goetzinger and Viehoff have supposed that the name *Ballade* may have been denied it for its lack of a ruling idea of universal application.

1) Löwengarten, lions' court: Garten, in the unusual sense of enclosure, park, preserve, occurs also in Wolfsgarten, Saugarten, etc.

3) Francis I., of France, 1515-1547.

4) Großen, dignitaries.

9) bebährtigem, deliberate and slow, in contrast to the wild leap of the tiger, v. 20.

10) Note the shortening of the lines to accompany the intensified action.

25) Schweiß: The generic term Schweiß is often replaced by Schweiß in the case of the nobler animals, such as the lion, tiger or horse.

27) Schiller wrote at first, *Und leßt sich die Zunge*, but altered the phrase before sending the poem to the printer, to judge from the following extract from a letter from Goethe to S., July 29th, 1797: "In the case of your *Handſchuh* it has been queried whether one can say, *ein Thier leßt sich die Zunge*. I have really been unable to give a definite answer."

29, 39) *Feu*, poetic for *Flame*; unus. acc. for *Feuen*, comp. l. 46.

41) *Kreis*, i. e. the arena.

44) *Altanß*, synonymous with *Balkon*, l. 5.

48) *Desorges*, three-syllabled, as in French verse. — *Welf*: This and the shortened forms in lines 49, 50, 51 have been taken to correspond with the harshness of the sentiment expressed.

58-9) Is there any artistic defect in the use or the place of these parenthetic lines?

65) *Und . . . Gesicht : ] Und der Ritter, sich tief verbeugend, spricht*: A.<sup>88</sup> S. wrote the line originally as it stands in the present text, changed it, however, before it was printed, to the form quoted, in accordance with a criticism of Frau von Stein. S. wrote to his friend Böttiger: "The slight change at the end of the *Handſchuh* I felt bound to make on the score of courteousness, although the fact of rudeness was vouched for by a very elegant (eleganten) French writer, St. Foix, and at first I thought that a German poet might go to the same length as a French *bel esprit*." Was S. justified in restoring later the traditional statement of the un-knightly deed?

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Goethe wrote S., June 21st, 1797: "The *Handſchuh* is a very fortunate subject, and the treatment successful. Herein [no doubt comparing the *Handſchuh* with the *Taucher*] is pure action (*die ganz reine That*) without an object, or, rather, with the reverse object, that which especially pleases."

### **Der Ring des Polykrates.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. — Schillers Calendar states that *Der Ring des Polykrates* was finished June 24, 1797.

SOURCE. — S. wrote Goethe, June 23, 1797: "Monday I mean to send you a new Ballad. The present is a fruitful time in the embodiment (*Darstellung*) of ideas." The present ballad was finished on the following day, and sent to Goethe, June 26, with the following line: "I enclose my Ballad. It is a companion-piece to your *Strandstücke*." Goethe at that time contemplated a ballad on the Cranes of Ibycus, but later abandoned the idea. The attention of S., who was then in search of subjects for ballads, was drawn to the story of Polycrates probably by an essay of the philosopher Christian Garve, published in 1796, on "Two Passages in Herodotus." S. was indebted to Herodotus alone for the outlines of the narrative.

Herodotus, III., 39-43, gives the following account of the rise of Polycrates to power, and the incident of the ring: "While Cambyses was carrying on this war in Egypt, the Lacedæmonians likewise sent a force to Samos against Polycrates, the son of Æaces, who had by insurrection made himself master of that island. At the outset he divided the state into three parts, and shared the kingdom with his brothers, Pantagnôtus and Syloson; but later, having killed the former and banished the latter, who was the younger of the two, he held the whole island. Hereupon he made a contract of friendship with Amasis, the Egyptian king, sending him gifts, and receiving from him others in return. In a little while his power so greatly increased that the fame of it went abroad throughout Ionia and the rest of Greece. Wherever he turned his arms, success waited on him. He had a fleet of a hundred penteconters, and bowmen to the number of



a thousand. Herewith he plundered all, without distinction of friend or foe; for he argued that a friend was better pleased if you gave him back what you had taken from him, than if you spared him at the first. He captured many of the islands and several towns upon the mainland. Among his other doings he overcame the Lesbians in a sea-fight, when they came with all their forces to the help of Miletus, and made a number of them prisoners. These persons, laden with fetters, dug the moat which surrounds the castle of Samos.

The exceeding good fortune of Polycrates did not escape the notice of Amasis, who was much disturbed thereat. When, therefore, his successes continued increasing, Amasis wrote him the following letter, and sent it to Samos. 'Amasis to Polycrates thus sayeth: It is a pleasure to hear of a friend and ally prospering; but thy exceeding prosperity does not cause me joy, forasmuch as I know that the gods are envious. My wish for myself and for those whom I love is, to be now successful, and now to meet with a check; thus passing through life amid alternate good and ill, rather than with perpetual good fortune. For never yet did I hear tell of any one succeeding in all his undertakings who did not meet with calamity at last, and come to utter ruin. Now, therefore, give ear to my words, and meet thy good luck in this way: Bethink thee which of all thy treasures thou valuest most and canst least bear to part with. Take it, whatsoever it be, and throw it away, so that it may be sure never to come any more into the sight of man. Then if thy good fortune be not thenceforth chequered with ill, save thyself from harm by again doing as I have counselled.'

When Polycrates read this letter, and perceived that the advice of Amasis was good, he considered carefully with himself which of the treasures that he had in store it would grieve him most to lose. After much thought he made up his mind that it was a signet-ring which he was wont to wear — an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theo-

dore, son of Télécles, a Samian. So he determined to throw this away; and, manning a penteconter, he went on board, and bade the sailors put out into the open sea. When he was now a long way from the island he took the ring from his finger, and, in sight of all those who were on board, flung it into the deep. This done he returned home, and gave vent to his sorrow.

Now it happened, five or six days afterward, that a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present of to the king. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace, and said that he wanted to see Polycrates. Then Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish, with these words following: 'Sir King, when I took this prize I thought I must not carry it to market, though I am a poor man who live by my trade. I said to myself, it is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness; and so I brought it here to give it to you.' The speech pleased the king, who thus spoke in reply: 'Thou didst right well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come now and sup with me.' So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a high honor that he had been asked to sup with the king. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish, found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it, and, hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him, and told him in what way it had been found. The king, who saw something providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened, what he had himself done, and what had been the upshot — and dispatched the letter to Egypt.

When Amasis had read the letter of Polycrates, he perceived that it does not belong to a man to save his fellow-man from the fate which is in store for him; likewise he felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the

contract of friendship. This he did, that when the great and heavy misfortune came he might escape the grief which he would have felt if the sufferer had been his bond-friend." (*Rawlinson's Translation.*)

TITLE. — Der König des Polycrates. Ballade. A.<sup>es</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>. Der König des Polycrates. Ms. 1805.

1) Gr. Polycrates, who ruled over the fruitful Aegean island and its dependencies, from 540 to 523 B. C.

5) Ägyptens König, Amasis II., like Polycrates a usurper or tyrant, governing Egypt prosperously from 570 to 526 B. C.; he especially cultivated intercourse with the Greeks. Herodotus, II. 178.

6) Viehoff compares the situation indicated in this first stanza to that in S.'s Lied von der Glocke, l. 133.

10) Citer. Possibly the younger brother of Polycrates, Syloson; but *not of necessity* a person known to history.

14) von Milet, from Miletus. M. was a flourishing city on the not distant Ionian coast of Asia Minor.

26) Doch; elliptically used.

27) Versetzt, loosely employed. The king's remark was interposed, to be sure, as a warning.

31) das Wort gesprochen, *i. e.*, finished speaking.

40) Der Kreter waffentund'ge Schaaren, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Der Spartaner nie besiegte Schaaren, A.<sup>es</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>. S.'s original reference to the Spartans seems to have been suggested by a statement in Herodotus, III. 44-56, of an *unsuccessful* siege of Samos by the Spartans. S. may have made the change in the text to avoid the unusual suggestion of Spartans engaged in maritime warfare.

41) Bedrängen; unusual, = bedrohen, intensified.

43) Comp. l. 13, 31.

44) Wallen. Comp. the figurative use of *pour*, and *stream*, applied to masses of men. For the affinity of the two verbs, wallen, see Kluge, Etym. Wörterbuch, s. v.

45) Sieg! To judge from the context, this cry of exultation was not preceded by a victory, strictly speaking.

47) *Reiter*, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805, *Spartan*, A.<sup>66</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>. See l. 40.

52) *Der Götter Reibe*. The gods of classical mythology were supposed to entertain envy of mortals who seemed exempt from the sway of the goddess of fate, *Moïpa*, to whom they themselves were subject. This stanza contains, according to Viehoff, the fundamental idea of the ballad.

55) Comp. Herodotus, II. 177: "It is said that the reign of Amasis was the most prosperous time that Egypt ever saw"; and, III. 10: "[Amasis] had died after ruling Egypt forty and four years, during all which time no great misfortune had befallen him."

75) I cannot forbear quoting Holland's translation, 1634, of Pliny's account of the ring, *Nat. Hist.* XXXVII. I. 2: "*Prometheus* having giuen this precedent, brought other stones into great price and credit, insomuch as men were mightily inamoured vpon them; and *Polycrates* of Samos, the puissant prince and mighty monarch ouer all the Islands and coasts thereabout, in the height of his felicitie and happy estate, which himself confessed to be excessiue, being troubled in his mind, that he had tasted of no misfortune, and willing after a sort to play at Fortunes game, one while to win, and another while to lose, and in some measure to satisfie her inconstancie, was persuaded in his minde that he should content her sufficiently in the voluntarie losse of one gem that he had, and which he set so great store by: thinking verily, that this one hearts grieve for parting from so pretious a jewell, was sufficient to excuse and redeeme him from the spightful enuy of that mutable goddess. Seeing therefore the world to come upon him still, and no soure sorrowes intermingled with his sweet delights, in a wearinesse of his continual blessednesse, he imbarked himselfe and sailed into the deep, where wilfully he flung into the sea a ring from his finger, together with the said stone so pretious, set

therein. But see what ensued! A mighty fish euen made as a man would say for the king, chanced to swallow it down as if it had bin some bait; which being afterwards caught by fishers, & thought to be of an extraordinary bignes, was brought as a present into the kings pallace, and so sent into the kitchen; where the cook found within the belly thereof the foresaid ring of his lords & masters. Oh the subtiltie of slie Fortune, who all this while twisted the cord that another day should hang *Polycrates*! This stone (as it is wel known) was a *Sardonyx*: & if we may beleeeue it, the very same it is, which at Rome is shewed in the temple of *Concord*, where *Augusta* the Em- presse dedicated it as an oblation, enchased within a golden horne; and verily if it be the same, one of the least *Sardonyches* it is among many other there which be preferred before it."

76) Erinnen. This form, peculiar to S., occurs also in his poem *Das Ideal und das Leben*, l. 59. He employed the usual form, *Erinnen*, also, as in the *Frankische des Jhufus*, l. 118.

The Furies, originally avenging messengers, were conceived of in the later classical mythology also as mere agents to inflict the wrath of the gods.

86) Kommt er bestürzt herbeigeeilet, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805, *Herbei der Noth erschrocken eilet*, A.<sup>98</sup>. What manifest reasons are there for this change?

92) haufen = im Hause verweilen, tarry in this house.

95) The terrible nature of these words becomes the more distinct when we realize the certainty, in the king's mind, of the approaching destruction which the gods were preparing. S. chose to make prominent the helpless and reverent fatalism of the king.

Herodotus, III. 125, states that Polycrates met his death in *Magnesia*, a city not far from *Ephesus*, at the hands of *Orætes*, whom *Cyrus* had made governor of *Sardis*, and who slew Polycrates "in a mode which is not fit to be described, and then hung his dead body upon a cross."

### **Ritter Toggenburg.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION.—Schiller's *Calendar* states that *Ritter Toggenburg* was finished July 31st, 1797.

SOURCE.—The immediate source from which S. took the subject of this poem is unknown. *Toggenburg*, or *Todenburg*, is the name of a district in the canton of St. Gallen, Switzerland. It existed as a county in the middle ages, till 1469, when it passed into the control of the abbots of the monastery of St. Gallen. A popular legend connected with one of the Counts of *Toggenburg* may have suggested the theme to S., though the details and motives of the legend are quite unlike those of the present poem. Goetzinger states, on grounds that he does not give, that S. had before him a similar legend from the Tyrol. A still closer analogy to the present poem appears in the legend, localized at *Rolandseck* on the Rhine, of which the following summary has been given: "The brave knight *Roland*, scouring the Rhine in search of adventure, found himself the guest of Count *Heribert*, lord of the Seven Mountains, at his castle of *Drachenburg*. According to custom, the daughter of the host, the peerless *Hildegunde*, welcomed him with the offering of bread, wine, and fish. Her beauty riveted the gaze of the young knight, and *Hildegunde* and *Roland* were shortly affianced lovers. But their happiness was brief: *Roland* was summoned by *Charlemagne* to the crusade. Time sped on, and anxiously did *Hildegunde* await his return. But sad rumours came. The brave *Roland* was said to have fallen by the hands of the Infidels, and, the world no longer possessing any charm for the inconsolable *Hildegunde*, she took refuge in the nunnery on the adjacent island of *Nonnenwerth*. The rumours, however, of the death of her betrothed

were unfounded. Although desperately wounded, he recovered, and hastened to the halls of Drachenburg to claim his bride; but instead of being welcomed back by her fondly remembered smile, he found that she was forever lost to him. In despair he built the castle, of which one crumbling arch alone remains, and there lived in solitude, catching an occasional glimpse of a fair form passing to and fro to her devotions in the little chapel of the nunnery. At length he missed her, and soon the tolling of the bell and a mournful procession conveyed to him the heart-rending intelligence that his beloved Hildegunde was now indeed removed forever. From that moment Roland never spoke again; for a short time he dragged on his wretched existence, but his heart was broken, and one morning he was found rigid and lifeless, his glassy eye still turned towards the convent chapel."

This legend is the subject of Campbell's "The Brave Roland."

TITLE.—Ritter Toggenburg. Ballade. A.<sup>8</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>. Ritter Toggenburg. Ms. 1805.

3) Forbert, G.<sup>2</sup>, 1807-8. Forbert, A.<sup>8</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>. Ms. 1805. Comp. *Iran. d. Ibykus*, 62, *Kampf m. d. Drachen*, 259.

10) blutend = blutenden Herzens.

14) In dem Lande Schweiz. S. took the liberty to ignore the fact that at the time of the Crusades die Schweiz, politically speaking, was not yet in existence, and also that Schweiz, fem., in apposition with Lande, neut., was not good German.

19) Ihres Helmes. The use of the singular here, instead of the plural, has never been successfully defended, although it is unmistakably Schiller's. The one-vol. ed. of S.'s works, 1840, substituted the plural, Ihrer Helme.

29) Joppe's. Joppe, or Jopa, the modern Jaffa, was the principal Syrian port at which the Crusaders landed and embarked.

34) Pilger, wanderer.

41) verläſſet, for verläßt. Düntzer and Viehoff both agree, which is significant, in finding this extended form not in accord with the "genius of the language."

43) nimmer, nevermore.

49) erbaut. A.<sup>98</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805. This form was altered by Körner in his ed. of S.'s poems, 1814, to er baut. Erbauen in its usual sense is too pretentious a word to be applied to the hermit's dwelling.

54) Abends, unusual, for des Abends. Comp. Die Bürgschaft, 43, and Das El. Feſt, 90.

65) legt', G. , Ms. 1805; legt, A.<sup>98</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>.

Viehoff refers to this ballad as very musical, and states that this "depends largely on the fortunate choice of a metrical form which adapts itself admirably to the thought. This is most noticeable in the three final stanzas. The undisturbed, uniform flow of the trochaic stanzas, with their rhymes (Reimflänge) alternating in accordance with a single law, corresponds to the quiet, unvaried life of the hermit. The regular reappearance of the only phenomena which enliven this existence is paralleled in the structure of the phrases, namely, in repetitions, such as —

Blidte nach dem Kloſter drüben,  
Blidte ſtundenlang,

in the several times repeated *Biſ*, and, more prominently, in the repetition of the entire passage, *Biſ* das Fenſter klang, etc."

### Die Branche des Ibykus.

DATE OF COMPOSITION. — Schiller's *Calendar* states that *Ibykus* was begun Aug. 11th, 1797, finished Aug. 16th, and sent with a letter



to Goethe Aug. 18th. In this letter S. requested criticisms from G., who answered on the 30th, suggesting additions which S. made at once, in September, 1797. See notes, *passim*.

SOURCE. — Goethe had planned to make use of the subject of this ballad, as we see from the letter of S. to Goethe of June 26th, 1797, which referred to the enclosed *Ring des Polykrates* as a "companion piece to your *Franklin*." S. was the guest of Goethe at Weimar from July 11th to the 18th, when the poets doubtless discussed the subject, for on the 16th Goethe addressed a note to his friend, the archæologist Böttiger, asking as to the locality of the legend of the Cranes and any particulars as to Ibycus. On the 19th, the day following S.'s return home to Jena, Goethe, who was about to leave on a journey southward, wrote him a short letter, very significant as showing their intimate mutual relation, and closing with the wish that the Cranes might soon follow him. S. had thus undertaken to write likewise on the same theme, the Cranes of Ibycus, and a month later, on the 17th of August (on the 18th according to the Calendar) was able to write to Goethe as follows: "At last I enclose the *Phylus*. May it meet your expectation! I confess that on closer examination of the material I found greater difficulties than I had expected at first; yet I think that I have largely overcome them. The two points of principal importance seemed to me to be, first, bringing into the narrative a continuity which the rude legend (*rohe Fabel*) did not have, and, second, the state of mind for the effect. I have not been able to give it the final touches, because I finished it only last evening, and it is so important for me to have you read the ballad soon in order that I may yet make use of your admonitions. It would be pleasantest of all to hear that I agree with you in essentials." Goethe's answer, Aug. 22, and the later allusions to the ballad in their correspondence, will be found in the notes on the lines referred to.

The principal passages in which the death of Ibycus was alluded to

in classical times, and which transmitted the false fable are the two following:

Antipater Sidonius is said to be the author of a Greek epigram, "On Ibycus," of which the following is a translation:

"Ibycus, robbers who came from some island to the desert, untrod-  
den shore slew thee, crying again and again to the cloud of cranes  
who came as witnesses to thee, dying a most grievous death! Not in  
vain didst thou cry, since an avenging Erinny, drawn by the notes of  
thy cranes, took vengeance for thy murder in the land of Sisyphus.  
O horde of robbers so greedy of gain, why did ye not fear the wrath  
of the gods? For Aegisthus who had slain the singer, did not escape  
the eyes of the black-robed Eumenides."

Plutarch, in his essay on Gortulity, c. 14, writes: "And were not  
they who murdered the poet Ibycus discovered after the same manner,  
as they sat in the theatre? For as they were sitting there under the  
open sky to behold the public pastimes, they observed a flock of cranes  
flying over their heads; upon which they whispered merrily one to  
another, Look, yonder are the revengers of Ibycus's death. Which  
words being overheard by some that sat next them,—in regard that  
Ibycus had been long missing but could not be found, though diligent  
search had been made after him,—they presently gave information of  
what they had heard to the magistrats. By whom being examined  
and convicted, they suffered condign punishment, though not betrayed  
by the cranes, but by the incontinency of their own tongues, and by an  
avenging Erinny hovering over their heads and constraining them to  
confess the murder." (Plutarch's *Morals*, Goodwin, IV. 240.)

The Byzantine lexicographer of the tenth century, Suidas, makes  
the following statement under the word "Ibycus." "Ibycus, the son  
of Phytius (some say, however, of Polyzelus, the Messenian historian,  
still others, of Cerdas), was a native of Rhegium [in Southern Italy].  
From there he went to Samos, when Polycrates, the father of the

Tyrant, was reigning. This was in the time of Cræsus, in the 54th Olympiad [560 B. C.]. He is said to have been of an extremely passionate nature. He invented the so-called sambuca, a kind of triangular harp. Seven books of his composition in the Doric dialect are extant. Overtaken by murderous robbers in the desert, he said that the cranes who were flying overhead would be his avengers. He was murdered. Afterwards, when one of the robbers was in a city and saw some cranes flying, he exclaimed: 'See, the avengers of Ibycus!' Some one overheard him, and carefully noted what he had said. Later, the deed was confessed and the murderers punished. From this arose the common saying, *The cranes of Ibycus.*"

Fragments of lyric poetry, attributed to Ibycus, are still in existence.

TITLE.—Die Kraniche des Ibykus. Ballade. A.<sup>86</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup> Die Kraniche des Ibykus, Ms. 1805.

1) For an interesting account of the contest in athletics and the arts at this national festival of the Greeks, see Smith, Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities, art. "Isthmia."

2) The city of Corinth had at one time, it is said, 300,000 inhabitants, and previous to its fall, in 146 B.C., was prominent as a center of commerce and art.

Landesenge, unusual for Landenge.

6) Apollo, the god of poetry and music.

7) wandert, A.<sup>86</sup>; wandert', G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

8) Rhegium, a city of Magna Graecia in Southern Italy, the birth-place of Ibycus.

des Gottes voll, "i. e., full of the songs with which he thought to be victorious at the Games."—*Goetsinger*.

9) This and the following stanza were lacking in the draught of the ballad sent Goethe, Aug. 18, to which he replied, Aug. 23: "I could wish, since you have succeeded so well with the middle, that you might devote some additional verses to the exposition; the poem is,

besides, not long. *Meo voto* the cranes would have been seen already by the journeying Ibycus; he would compare himself, as a voyager, with the voyaging birds, himself as a guest with the guests, would draw from the comparison a good omen, and then, when fallen into the hands of the murderers, could call to witness the already familiar cranes, the companions of his journey. Yes, if it should seem worth while, he could, while still on shipboard, have made these observations, You see from what I already wrote yesterday that I am desirous of making out of the cranes an extended (*langer und breiter*) phenomenon, which could be brought later into connection with the long, entangling web of the Furies, as I have thought."

10) *Akrokorinth*, the towering citadel-rock to the south-west of the city.

12) *Poseidons Fichtenhain*. The fact that this pine-grove, sacred to Poseidon, in whose honor the games were held, was not on the way of a traveler coming to the city from Lechaëum, the port on the Corinthian Gulf to the west, but lay to the east of Corinth, was either unknown or a matter of indifference to S.

16) *graulichstem*, unusual for *graulichem*.

*Geschwader*. The use of this word was manifestly suggested by Goethe, who wrote S., Aug. 22, 1797: "The cranes, as migratory birds should be in considerable numbers, and fly over Ibycus as well as afterwards over the theater. They come as a natural phenomenon, and in so far are like the sun and other regular natural appearances. Also the miraculous is thus taken away, since the cranes need not be the same in both cases; they would only be a part of a great migrating host, and the accidental constitutes really, I think, the ominous and the remarkable in the narrative."

17-8) Körner punctuated . . . *Scharen*, . . . *waren*!

23) *der Gastliche*; an epithet of Zeus, the divine protector of the rights of hospitality. Comp. *Das Siegesfest*, 70-2.

27) gebrangem; dialectic form, current in upper Germany = *eng*, *schmal*. — *Goetzingen*.

32) A remarkable assumption on the part of S.

39) böser Buben, biblical; compare Luther's version of Prov. i. 10: *Mein Kind, wenn dich die bösen Buben locken, so folge nicht*.

44) furchtbar. Could the note of the cranes have seemed pre-eminently furchtbar either to the dying poet or to his murderers?

49) By having the discovery of the poet's body made directly, and not long after the murder, as Plutarch states, S. contributed to the continuity of the narrative. See his letter of Aug. 17, quoted above.

50) obgleich entstellt von Wunden. The reference is to *Die Jüge*, l. 52, although the clause is improperly separated from these words.

51) Gastfreund, a friend in the giving or the interchange of hospitality.

58) Poseidons, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805, Neptunus, A.<sup>80</sup>. Comp. l. 11.

61) Prytanen, chief-magistrate.

62) fordert] fodert, A.<sup>80</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805. Comp. *Ritter Loggenburg*, 3, and *Der Kampf m. d. Drachen*, 259.

63) Manen, the Latin *Manes*, departed spirit.

71) Helios. The all-seeing Sun. Homer, Hymn to Ceres, 62-, makes Ceres in search of her daughter Proserpine appeal to the Sun: "Do thou (for thou from the divine aether dost look down with thy rays upon all the earth and sea) tell me truly, dear son, if thou hast anywhere seen him, of the Gods or mortal men, who, without my consent, has seized her perforce, and carried her off." (*Buckley's Trans.*).

82) Bühne, literally *stage*, but here used of the spectators' seats.

87-8) The theater was a semi-circular structure, open to the sky. The highest tiers of seats, farthest from the stage, would be the last to be occupied.

91) Theseus, <sup>80</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>. *Pestrops*, Ms. 1805. Cecrops was the

most ancient King of Attica, and founder of the citadel (Cecropia) of Athens. Theseus subsequently governed Athens as King. *Aulis*, the sea-port of Boeotia, whence the Greeks set sail for Troy.

92) *Phocis*, the country chiefly famous for its mountain Parnassus and the city of Delphi.

93) *Asien* = *kleinasiens*, Asia Minor.

96) The Chorus, a troupe of singers and dancers, made an important original element of the Greek drama. S. drew some details of the present scene from the drama of Aeschylus entitled "*The Eumenides*." W. v. Humboldt published, in 1793, a translation of a passage (296-) in this play uttered by a chorus of Furies; from this S. borrowed even to the very wording.

99) S. seems to assume that the Chorus was at the back of the stage, and that it advanced between the scenes. This is, however, false. In the rule, the Chorus did not come upon the stage at all, but remained in the orchestra, that is, in the very foreground. [The latter was the free space in front of and lower than the stage; in it was the Thymele or altar of Bacchus, around which the Chorus moved.] — *Goetzinger*.

103) das Riesenmaß. Performers used every device to appear of more than human size.

105) Comp. S.'s description of the approach of the Furies in *Die Braut von Messina*, 2417-21. An essay of S.'s, published in 1793, *Zerstreute Betrachtungen über verschiedene ästhetische Gegenstände* (Cotta'sche Bibliothek der Weltliteratur, Schiller's sämtliche Werke, XIV, 87), includes in a brief description of the Furies nearly all the traits mentioned here.

116) Sünder. A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; Frevler, MS. 1805.

117-20) Comp. Aeschylus, *Eumenides*, 317- (Humboldt's Trans.):

Sinnberaubend,

Herzgerüttelnd, wahnsinnhauchend,

Schallt der Hymnus der Erinnyen,  
 Seelenfesselnd, sonder Feier,  
 Und des Hörers Mark verzehrend.

121-8) Comp. Eumenides, 303:

Denn, wer in schulbloßer Reinheit  
 Seine Hände bewahret,  
 Den besucht nie unser Zorn;  
 Fern von Unglück durchwallt er das Leben.  
 Aber, wer, wie dieser [Drestes], frevelnd,  
 Hände des Mordes birgt;  
 Dem gesellen wir uns rächend bei.

125) wer = jedem, der.

128) Comp. Eumenides, 311:

Mutter, die du uns gebarest,  
 Nacht den Schauenden und Blinden,  
 Mutter, höre die Erinnyen

130-2) Comp. Eumenides, 347:

Gemmen wir des flüchtigen  
 Bösewichts unsichern Schritt,  
 Unter seiner Unthat Bürde  
 Wankt im irren Lauf sein Fuß  
 Und er sinkt.

135-6) Comp. Eumenides, 323:

Dem zu folgen, bis er zu den  
 Schatten walle. Aber sterbend  
 Wird er nicht der Banden ledig.

137-44) This, the 18th stanza, was the 14th in the draught sent Goethe. The four stanzas which S. inserted following Goethe's advice were probably the second and third, l. 9-24, the eleventh, l. 81-8 (according to Gödeke; the fifth, l. 33-4, according to Düntzer), and the fourteenth, l. 105-12.

145) S. hardly exaggerates the power of the theatrical illusion over the imaginative Greeks.

145-52) Goethe to S., Aug. 22, 1797: "I would insert after the 14th stanza [now the 18th] in which the Furies are said to have just withdrawn, another to show the state of feeling into which the words of the Chorus had put the people, and so pass from the earnest thoughts of the good to the indifference and distraction of the impious (der Ruchlofen), and then let the murderer, to be sure, foolishly, rudely and loudly, though only so that those near could hear him, utter his stupid (gaffende) exclamation. Thence the controversy with the spectators nearest him would arise, the attention of the whole people would be drawn, etc. In this way, as well as through the flight [?the continuous migration] of the cranes, everything would gain in naturalness and, to judge from my feelings, the effect be enhanced, since now the 15th [the present 19th] stanza opens too loud and full of meaning, while one is expecting something perhaps quite different."

150) In allusion to the Fates, Clotho, who held the distaff, Lachesis, who spun the thread of life, and Atropos, who cut it.

153-68) S. preferred not to follow Goethe's suggestion (quoted in the note on l. 145-52), as to the manner of the murderer's exclamation and its recognition, and defends the treatment in the ballad in a letter to Goethe, Sept. 7, 1797: "The murderer is one of the spectators, the representation has not profoundly agitated and overwhelmed him; that is not my idea, but it has *reminded* him of his deed and also of that which accompanied it; he is startled by it, the appearance of the cranes at this moment consequently surprises him. He is a rough, stupid fellow, over whom the impression of the moment has full control. Under such circumstances the loud cry is natural. As I assume that he has a high seat where the common people are, he is, in the first place, able to see the cranes before they fly over the middle of the theater. In this way I can have his exclamation precede the ac



tual appearing of the cranes, which is here a fact of much importance, so that when they do appear it is with greater effect. The gain in the second place is that an exclamation from such a height can be heard the better. It is not at all improbable that the entire body of spectators should hear him cry out, though all may not understand his words."

159) schwärzlichtem, unusual for schwärzlichtem.

166) erschlug!] erschlug? (Körner's ed., 1814).

169-76) In the letter of Sept. 7, S. refers to this stanza thus: "To the impression itself, which his outcry makes, I have devoted a second stanza, but I have diligently avoided a more circumstantial account of the actual discovery of the deed as a consequence of the outcry; for as soon as the way to finding the murderer is indicated (and that is done by the exclamation along with the following confusion and terror) the ballad is complete. What remains is of no interest to the poet."

170) Blitßeschlage, unusual for Blitßschlage.

175) ihn = den. S. is fond of using the personal instead of the demonstrative pronoun in like situations.

181) Richter. The Prytane (see l. 61), present as a spectator.

182) Scene, used here in the sense of Bühne, stage.

184) Strahl. Compare l. 176, mit Blitßeschlage.

### **Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. — Schiller's Calendar states that *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer* was finished, Sept. 25, 1797. In a letter dated Sept. 22, S. had written to Goethe as follows: "Meantime the last week has not been lost as far as the Almanach is concerned. I came across by chance a right good subject for a ballad, which is moreover almost finished, and which will, I think, not unworthily complete the

**Almanach.** It consists of 24 eight-lined stanzas, and is entitled, *Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*. You will see from this that I have laid claim (vindiciert) to the element of Fire, after having traversed Water [in *Der Taucher*] and Air [in *Die Kraniche des Ibylus*].” The ballad as printed in the *Musenalmanach* consisted of the present 30 stanzas. The 6, which were consequently added between Sept. 22 and 25, can not be determined with certainty; it has been conjectured with some probability that S. extended or remodeled the descriptions of the Mass and of the Forge, and modified the introductory stanzas.

**SOURCE.** — Popular legends with motives similar to that of the present ballad, but with varying detail, were widely circulated in the later Middle Ages from at least the 13th century on. Goetzingen was the first to draw attention to the following episode in Restif de la Bretonne’s “*Les Contemporaines*” as being the version followed by S. In confirmation of this, Düntzer cites a letter, dated Sept. 9, 1797, from Frau von Stein to S.’s wife, which shows that S. had a copy of “*Les Contemporaines*” near at hand about the time of writing the ballad. I have been unable to find a copy of the rare original edition of “*Les Contemporaines*,” and so have been obliged to translate the extract from the German version of Mylius, Berlin, 1781, as given in Goedeke’s *Schiller’s Gedichte*, Hft. 1. fritt. Ausgabe, 452-4.

“At the time when my father was in Bretagne in the service of the — (he meant the king) his master, he was witness of the following occurrence. A very God-fearing man was a servant in the house of the countess of K., whose wealthy husband had iron-foundries in the region of Vannes or Quimper. Because this faithful servant saw God in his employers, as St. Paul says [cf. Eph. vi. 5, 6], he was ever busy, and would have served the count just as assiduously as the countess had he not happened to have been in the latter’s service. His care and attention were so great that he seemed to anticipate their every desire. It was oftentimes the case, when she required some-

thing of him, that his answer was: 'It is already done, gracious lady!' The countess was filled with wonder, and, as often as a friend came to her, her praise of Champagne (such was the servant's name) was unceasing. He was, besides, a fine-looking fellow. After the praise which his mistress heaped upon him, people invariably desired to see him, and he came, answered the questions which were put to him, and, in a word, conducted himself with so much modesty that every one complimented the countess upon it. One of Champagne's comrades, Pinson or Bloro by name, was a witness of all this praise. He became so jealous of him that he formed a plan to overthrow him by calumniating him to their master. He stated that Champagne loved the countess unbeknown to her, and gave the count so much plausible information about it that the master believed it. He wished, however, to convince himself with his own eyes of the truth. But blinded as they were by the malicious servant, they saw naught but evil. The count, making little of the life of a miserable dependent whose crime seemed to him so grievous, sought out the foreman in one of his foundries and said to him: 'Him whom I shall send to you to ask whether you have done that which I commanded, throw straightway into your furnace.' Now these people are the cruelest and most barbarous of men. So the commission was most gratifying to him, and for fear of missing it he took into his confidence one of his comrades as evil as himself. The following morning the count had Champagne summoned by Bloro his enemy, and said to him: 'Champagne, go to the foundry and ask the foreman if he has done what I told him.' 'Gladly, your Grace,' replied Champagne, and ran to fulfil his master's order. On the way it occurred to him: 'Thou mightest inquire whether the gracious lady have not also something to command.' So he turned back to the apartments of the countess, to whom he said: 'The gracious lady should know that I go to the foundry by order of the gracious master, and as I am now in the ser-

vice of the gracious lady I would fain know if she have ought for me to do.' She answered: 'Nothing, Champagne, except perhaps, if the bell should ring for mass, to which I cannot go, as I am not feeling well, you might attend and pray for me and for yourself.' That was exactly what Champagne desired, and her order gave him especial pleasure, for in carrying out an order of his master he would never have ventured to delay without instructions from his mistress. He had scarcely reached the limit of the village when the bell rang for mass. It was summer, and no one was present at the service but feeble old men. Champagne offered his help, held the sacred vessels in readiness, put in order the sacristy, and when the priest had come, responded devoutly. The mass lasted about three quarters of an hour. Then he put everything in order as only a sacristan would have done; and then hastened to the foundry, finishing on the way the prayers he had begun in his book for his mistress, his master and himself. When he arrived at the foundry, he asked the foreman: 'Have you done what his Grace commanded?' 'Oh, already quite a little while ago,' said the fellow grinning. 'There is nothing more to say about that, it is as well as though he had never lived.' Champagne returned at the top of his speed to his master. As soon as the latter saw him he was filled with no little astonishment, and presently became furiously angry. 'Whence do you come, scoundrel?' he said. 'From the foundry, your Grace.' 'Have you then stopped on the way?' 'Only in so far, gracious master, that when I asked the gracious lady whether I could perhaps do aught for her on the way, she bade me attend mass and pray for her also when I prayed for myself; and that have I done, and for you too, for I did not think that your Grace's commission was so very urgent.' At these words the count relapsed into deep thought, and after he had asked Champagne what was said to him in the foundry, he inferred from the reply that the informer whom he had dispatched thither, being impatient to learn if

Champagne had been there, had arrived at the furnace first and had been consumed in an instant. He could not fail to recognize in these events a divine providence. Going to the countess he said, as he pointed to Champagne; 'Rely on this good servant, for to-day I have learned that he is a favorite with God.' And from that day Champagne received the management of the whole house, and did the service faithfully. —

This story, ladies, I have often heard my father tell."

TITLE — Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer. Ballade. A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>. Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer, Ms. 1805.

1) frommer Knecht. Comp. I. Peter ii, 13: "Servants, be in subjection to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle but also to the froward."

Fridolin. This word has a suggestion of Friebe; it is also the name of an historical personage, St. F., an Irish missionary to the Continent in the 6th century.

4) Saverne, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Saperne, A.<sup>88</sup>, is the French name of a small German city, Zabern, in Lower Alsace. Counts of Saverne are unknown to history. Restif de la B. gave Brittany as the scene of events.

10) die Besper = die Besperglocke. The evening Angelus bell. Comp. S.'s Lied von der Glocke, 271:

Lebig aller Pflicht

Hört der Burck die Besper schlagen.

11) lebt', Ms. 1805; lebt, A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>.

15) seiner Pflicht, genitive; comp. Ps. cxix, 10: "Laß mich nicht fehlen deiner Gebote."

24) wohlgestalt, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; anmuthsvollen, A.<sup>88</sup>. Comp. ungestalt, ill-shaped.

25) Robert is also the name of the jealous forester's subordinate in S.'s narrative, Der Verbrecher aus verlorener Ehre.

27) Dem, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Ihm, A.<sup>88</sup>.

29) *raſch zur That und offen*; adjectives, referring to „dem Grafen.“ This unusual construction according to Goetzing, „*unrichtig und hart*,“ is in conscious imitation of popular speech.

32) *Streut'* G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; *Streut*, A.<sup>88</sup>.

*des Argwohn's Samen*. Note the excessive use of metaphor and simile in this and the two following stanzas.

41) *roßt* cannot, of course, be correctly applied to *Brau'n* strictly speaking.

*Brau'n*. For the relation of this form to *Braune*, see Kluge, *Etym. Wörterbuch*, „*Braue*.“

43-4) Note the alliteration.

47) *Saverne*, here of three syllables. Comp. l. 4.

49) “Throughout this passage Schiller has apparently a reminiscence of Iago poisoning Othello's mind.” *Turner and Morshead*, *Poems of Schiller*, p. 172.

53) *gebent*, archaic form for *gebietet*.

63) *Rünigonden*, a spelling influenced by the French form, *Canégonde*; the usual form is *Rünigunde*.

72) *ihren*, A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>; *ihrer*, G.<sup>2</sup>.

74) *Und [worin er] seine Glut gesteht*. — Similar elliptical construction is found not rarely in Goethe's writing.

75) *Gegenlieb'*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; *Gegenlieb'*, A.<sup>88</sup>.

80) *befahren*, a rare word, used in the sense of *beforgen*, *befürchten*.

85) *spat*, archaic for *spät*, which form occurs in l. 2.

88) *verglaſen* = *zu Glas ſchmelzen*.

92) *für und für*, adverbs, on and on, unceasingly.

93) *Die Werke*, the smelting-works, *Der Eisenhammer*.

97) *zweien*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; *zwoen*, A.<sup>88</sup>. The latter form is by derivation feminine. *Zwo* and the old masc. *zween*, have been displaced in the literary language by *zwei*, neuter, though they are occasionally used for their quaintness.

98) Bedeutet, instructs.

101) Herren. For the inflection of Herr, see Sanders, Wörterb. d. Hauptschwierigkeiten in d. deutschen Sprache, „Herr.“

105) entmenschte, inhuman.

111) schiden sich, archaic for schiden sich an.

113) Gesellen, companion.

117) Der Herr, der. Comp. the colloquial, “The man, he,” etc.

124) mir nichts gebeut, has no commission for me.

129) Savern, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; Saverne, A.<sup>98</sup>.

132) Restif de la Bretonne had stated that the countess was prevented by her own indisposition.

135-6) Note the conception as to the ground of receiving „Gnade.“

140) in schnellern, A.<sup>98</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>; im schnellen, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805. Comp. 202 in schnellern, A.<sup>98</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, MS. 1805.

141) von dem Glodenstrang. It is hard to see how this allusion can be explained without the deplorable assumption of the “necessities” of rhyme.

144) labet. Comp. Eten. Fest, 120, labet ein; but 26, läßt ein. The confusion of conjugations in laden, einladen, is of long standing.

145-6) Proverbial expression.

150) glüht’ der Schnitter Fleiß, by hypallage, a favorite rhetorical figure with S., for glühten die fleißigen Schnitter.

157) The stole is the narrow band of embroidered silk worn by priests over the shoulders, and having the two long ends hanging in front. The cingulum is the white band used as a girdle.

167) des Sanctus Worte. The three-fold invocation of the Deity as Holy; the trisagion, immediately preceding the prayers connected with the consecration of the Host.

182) *Vobiscum Dominus*, properly, *Dominus vobiscum*, “The Lord be with you!” These words form a part of the dismissal or final section of the service of the mass.

187) das Heiligtum, in the narrative of Restif de la Bretonne, the sacristy.

192) These prayers were said in telling his rosary; see l. 215.

197) grinzend, A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

199) "He is done for." Lucas, Wörterbuch. This and the following line have become proverbial.

215) The rosary, used by Roman Catholics, is a string of beads on which prayers are counted. It consists of either five or fifteen divisions, each containing ten small beads and one large one; for each of the small beads an "Ave Maria," and for each of the large a "Pater-noster" is repeated.

viere; a colloquial form of that numeral.

226) Es überläuft ihn kalt, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805. Wird glühend und wird blaß, A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>.

228) zum Walde, G.<sup>2</sup> Ms. 1805; die Straße', A.<sup>88</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>. This change was probably made to avoid the dialectic contraction of Straße.

### **Der Kampf mit dem Drachen.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION: Schiller's Calendar states that *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen*, referred to as „Ritter," was begun Aug. 18th, 1798, and finished Aug. 26th.

SOURCE. — S.'s posthumous works include the sketch (in prose, with the exception of a few lines of the first scene) of a drama to be entitled „Die Ritter von Malta" (S. to Körner, Oct. 5, 1795), or „Die Malteser," as S. often called it in his correspondence, in which he intended to dramatize the events of the siege of Malta by the Turks in 1565. The island was gallantly and successfully defended by its possessors, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, later known as the Knights of Rhodes, and also of Malta. In his sketch S. characterized the somewhat degenerated spirit of this Order of chivalry thus: "As



a part of submission to so severe a law (that of unconditional obedience) belongs the *pure spirit of the Order*, because a deed of this nature must spring *from within*, and cannot be the result of force from without. But this pure spirit of the Order, which at this moment is so necessary, is lacking. The Knights are bold and brave, but they mean to be so in their own way, and not to subject themselves in blind resignation to the law. The moment demands a spiritual (idealistic) mind, and theirs is worldly (realistic). They have degenerated from the original spirit of their Institution; they love other things than their duty; they are heroes, but not Christian heroes. Love, riches, greed of honor, pride of nationality, etc., move their hearts." S.'s letters to Goethe show that absorption in other work, principally in "*Wallenstein*," hindered the elaboration of the drama, the subject of which never ceased to interest him.

In a letter of Schiller's to Körner, Aug. 20, 1788, S. refers to having had in mind for the past six months the subject of a work generally believed to be that of the "Knights of Malta," though this name is not mentioned. Whether in studies for this drama he had become acquainted with the narrative which served as the basis of the present ballad, or had met it first in the German translation of Vertot d'Aubouef's *Histoire des Chevaliers Hospitaliers de St. Jean de Jerusalem*, published at Jena, 1792, is not known. This condensed and "improved" translation by M. N[iethammer] was furnished with a preface by Schiller,<sup>1</sup> and contains, pp. 15-21, the following episode in the History of the Knights, during their occupation of Rhodes: "In the time of Villeneuve [1332 to 1346], a monster, not unlike a crocodile, appeared suddenly on the Island of Rhodes. Its abode was a subterranean cavern on the edge of a swamp, at a distance of two miles from Rhodes, which began at the base of the so-called St. Stephane-

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<sup>1</sup> Schiller's sämtliche Werke, Göttinger Bibl. d. Adelmann, XIII, 26-7.

berg. The whole region round about was at the mercy of its ravages : sheep, cattle, horses, and even the shepherds became a prey to its bloody greed. Several courageous knights resolved finally to liberate the oppressed inhabitants. But the monster, having a scaly hide which served as an impenetrable armor, was to be wounded neither by arrow nor spear, and the brave knights, one after the other, succumbed to the bold attempt. At last Villeneuve felt himself obliged, in order to spare the lives of his knights, to forbid every undertaking of this kind on pain of death. And the knights, warned by the unhappy example of those who had perished, obeyed the more willingly this command. But Dieu-Donné de Gozon, regarding neither this command nor these examples, determined to accomplish this undertaking whatever the cost might be. He resorted frequently to the cavern to observe the monster at a distance. Some of the brothers of the order made merry over these visits, but soon found themselves quite in the wrong in regarding them as indications of cowardice. Before the real case was suspected, Gozon had departed. Full of his determination he hastened to France, where, in the Castle of Gozon, in Languedoc, which retains its name to this day, he might make arrangements for the execution of his plan. He had observed on his repeated journeys to the Stephansberg that the scaly covering which served as the armor of the beast did not extend under its body. He therefore founded his plan upon this observation. He had an image made of wood or pasteboard (*Pappe*) resembling the monster in form and color. And now he trained two young dogs so that at the first cry they threw themselves upon the animal's belly, while he, on horseback hard by, protected by spear and armor, sought on his part to inflict serious wounds. This he practised daily for several months; and now, when he believed his dogs to be sufficiently well trained, he returned speedily to Rhodes. Without anyone's discovering aught of his intention, he had his weapons conveyed secretly from the city to

the church of St. Stephan, on the summit of the aforementioned mountain, and betook himself there, accompanied by two servants only, whom he had just brought with him from France. After he had worshipped in the church, he put on his armor. He gave his servants the injunction to hasten to him straightway when they should perceive either that the dragon was slain or that he himself had been wounded by him. Then he mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his faithful dogs, descended to the plain. The dragon, roused by the noise of his approach, plunged suddenly with blazing eyes and open jaws from his cave. The knight receives him with a mighty thrust of the spear, but the scaly hide makes it of no avail. He prepares to redouble his blows. But his horse, frightened by the horrible hissing and unbearable stench of the monster, reels backward and falls upon his side. The knight, undismayed by this unfortunate circumstance, is forced to spring from the saddle. He presses upon the beast with drawn sword, but his redoubled thrusts are of no avail in penetrating the scaly armor. With one blow the furious animal stretches him on the ground and the jaws are already open to devour him. But now the dogs throw themselves upon their master's enemy and tear him furiously. Meanwhile the knight recovers himself, hastens to the help of his dogs, thrusts his sword into the entrails of the beast, and a stream of blood pours from the gaping wound. Feeling the fatal thrust, the monster throws himself again with the most frightful rage upon his enemy and covers him with his fearful bulk. The immense weight threatens to crush him, but his servants are already hastening thither to save him from destruction. He is drawn out rigid and unconscious, but speedy help soon restores him, and he finds his enemy stretched out lifeless. No sooner had the news of this happy victory been proclaimed in Rhodes than half the city poured forth to meet the conqueror. The knights conducted him in triumph to the palace of the Grand Master, and the cry of victory

from the throng which followed him filled the whole city. With threatening mien the Grand Master received him: "To prison with the transgressor of the law!" he thundered to the exulting throng. All stood as though stunned by this unexpected blow. They begged, they pleaded. Nothing availed to soften the inexorable judge. Thereupon he assembled a council to try Gozon. "To enforce obedience to the law is our first duty," said he to the judges; "such disregard of the law works more injury to the state than many dragons would do to the inhabitants of the country. No such example of disobedience may remain unpunished." The most pressing pleas of the whole council were barely able to induce Villeneuve to substitute for the sentence of death the loss of his robe of the Order, a punishment which seemed to poor Gozon even harder than death itself. But, though forced to this severity by what he believed to be due to justice, Villeneuve did not fail to appreciate the greatness of the deed. Contented, therefore, with having brought this offering to justice, he was very much inclined to pardon the noble knight, but without yielding aught of his authority as a judge. On his own recommendation, the captains of the order renewed their pleas for Gozon. Now with pleasure he restored to him his robe of the Order, and to show how highly he prized all that was excellent in the deed, he overwhelmed him with kindnesses and soon entrusted him with the management of several very lucrative commanderships. The young hero became daily more indispensable to him, and, in order henceforth to keep him in Rhodes, he awarded him the dignity of Lieutenant General in the army, in the certainty that he could bestow this office on no subject more worthy than he."

TITLE: *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen. Romanze.* A.<sup>99</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805. This is the only case in the Ballads in which S. did not in the Ms. 1805 erase the classifying term of the original title.

2) *Gaffen*, acc. in absolute construction.

3) Rhodus. The capital city of the island of like name. The Knights of St. John took possession of Rhodes in 1309, and defended it against the Turks till 1522, when they were forced to surrender it to Soliman II. In 1530, Emperor Charles V. granted Malta in fee to the Knights.

4) im Sturm, tumultuously.

7) Abenteuer, astounding sight.

14) Bindwurm. A word revived in the last century from Middle High German, tintwurm, dragon. Each half of this compound is of similar meaning, i.e., serpent. "Worm" had this as one meaning as late as the Elizabethan writers.

21) nach dem Kloster, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; zum Ballaste, A.<sup>20</sup> (see Vertot's account, above).

22) Merchants from Italy founded at Jerusalem, in 1048, a church and monastery united with a hospital and a chapel dedicated to St. John. In 1113, those attached were constituted an Order of Chivalry, Knights of St. John, by Pope Paschalis II. The unceasing hostility of the Turks caused the seat of the Order to be removed from Palestine successively westward to Cyprus, Rhodes and Malta.

26) Der Jüngling, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Der Großkreuz, A.<sup>20</sup>. The latter, "Grand Cross," is the term frequently applied in orders of knighthood to the highest section: here a council of eight, according to Düntzer. With the altered reading comp. l. 292.

28) des Geländers, i.e., die geländerten Treppe (Viehoff).

36) Pilger, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Pilgrim, A.<sup>20</sup>. The latter form was allowed to remain in 178 and 189. — For the description of the shrine, see 169.

38) als Selb. Comp. the extract from S.'s dramatic scheme, quoted above.

45) edelm ] edelm, A.<sup>20</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

47) The knights took the three monastic vows of obedience, poverty and chastity.

52) freblem, wanton.

59) Bravery alone was insufficient.

70) neuen, renewed.

76) die Lieder; sc. "of the Greeks."

81) The reference is to the first labor of Hercules, fetching the skin of the Nemean lion.

82) Theseus wrestled with and slew the Minotaur. *den*, A.<sup>9</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>; *den*, G.<sup>2</sup>.

84) sich, acc., object of *dauren*.

85) es, genitive.

92) mit, ambiguously used, though probably in the sense of "on the side of."

105) wird aufgeführt. In describing this image of the dragon in the making, S. may have had in mind the familiar 18th section of Lessing's "Laocoon," in which L. praises Homer's art in the description of the shield of Achilles.

114) Comp. „Tauscher," 117, *schlichte*.

120) *schlänge*, i.e. *schlingen köunte*.

126, 165) *Daggenpaar*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, *Doddenpaar* A.<sup>9</sup>.

127) *Säuffer*. This term is applied usually by sportsmen to the legs of game only.

128) *Ulr*, *Urochß*, *Aurochß*, the name of a species of bison which is said to have become extinct in historic time.

147, 206) *Doggen*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Dodden*, A.<sup>9</sup>.

164) *versuchen*, tested, trusty.

167) That, dative.

174) *Mirafel*. By an unusual extension of its meaning, this term is applied to the figures of the Mother and Child, through which miraculous power is exerted.

185) *haufete*. This word is commonly used, as here, of men or animals whose career is one of devastation, less often in the sense of "dwelling," as in the "Ring of Polycrates," 92.

187) der Höllenbrache. Cf. Revelation xii.

196) Objection has been made to this line as embodying a Protestant, not a Catholic, conception of purifying the heart. "Faults" of this kind, like those of defective rhyme, Schiller was not careful to correct in case his expression met what he deemed the higher demands of his art.

198) der blanken Schmutz der Waffen, i. e. die blanken, schmutzen Waffen.

214) es. The change from the masculine pron. ihn, of l. 214, to the neuter es was probably due to Schiller's thought of the dragon as the monster, das Ungeheuer, das Untier.

228) war . . . geschehen, was all over. The context leads us to expect here, wäre . . . geschehen, sc. wenn nicht, etc., of which the sense is not materially different from that of the words which Schiller preferred.

238) grimmigen, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; grimmen, A.<sup>99</sup>. Why did not Schiller, who doubtless noted the occurrence of grimmen two lines before, substitute another word in one of the cases?

244-5) The commas are lacking in A.<sup>99</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>. Göttinger prefers to omit the comma in 245; nearly every other commentator punctuates as in the text.

250) neugestärkt, with returning strength.

259) forbern ] fodern, A.<sup>99</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>.

263-4) These lines of transition are especially deserving of notice, both for the thought and for the position at the close of the strophe, as evidence of Schiller's art.

276) Welt must be emphasized. "The dragon devastated this country only; the serpent, which thou hast brought forth, destroys the world; for without discipline and order the world cannot exist." (Göttinger.)

278) This line has become a popular saying.

280) Compare Philippians ii. 7, "and took upon him the form of a servant."

281) See note on l. 22.

288) Kreuz, the cross on the robe (l. 293, Gewand) of the Order.

299-300) Nimm dieses Kreuz, sc. zurück. It is highly improbable that Schiller passes by the re-investiture of the Knight, and refers here to the insignia of the commander's office, to which, as Schiller originally states, the Knight was afterwards appointed.

This ballad received the unqualified commendation of Goethe, who wrote Schiller, Sept. 5, 1798, that it was "very beautiful."

### **Die Bürgschaft.**

**DATE OF COMPOSITION.** Schiller's Calendar states that *Die Bürgschaft* was begun Aug. 27th, 1798, and finished Aug. 30th.

**SOURCE.** Schiller wrote to Goethe, Aug. 28, 1798, that he was just then reading with great pleasure the collection of short narratives ascribed to Hyginus, a Roman, who flourished about the beginning of the Christian era. On the fourth of Sept., S. sent the Ms. of the present ballad to Goethe, accompanied by a letter in which he thus refers to his original: "Hyginus furnished me the narrative. I am curious to know whether I have been successful in discovering (herausgefunden) all the leading motives which the story involves. Please see if another occurs to you. This is one of those cases in which one can proceed with great definiteness, and devise almost theoretically."

The story in Hyginus is as follows: "Of those who have been most intimately united in the bonds of friendship.

"When that most cruel tyrant, Dionysius, reigned in Sicily, and was putting his subjects to death by torture, Moerus was minded to kill him, but was seized by the life-guard and with his weapons brought before the king. Having acknowledged, on being questioned, that it



had been his intention to kill the king, he was given over to be crucified. The condemned man begged for a three days' respite, in order that he might give in marriage his sister to her betrothed, on condition of giving up to the tyrant his friend and companion Selinuntius, who would answer for his return on the third day. The king granted the respite for the sake of the sister's marriage, and told Selinuntius that he should suffer the penalty unless Moerus returned on the day, and that Moerus should then go free. When his sister had been given in marriage and he was returning, a storm suddenly came up, and the river rose so fast with the rain that it was impossible to ford or swim across it. Moerus sat upon the bank and began to weep for fear that his friend might perish in his stead. Now the tyrant ordered Selinuntius to be crucified, as it was already the sixth hour of the third day, and Moerus had not come. Selinuntius claimed however that the day was not yet spent. At the ninth hour the king ordered Selinuntius to be led to the cross. As this was being done, Moerus, who had with great difficulty at last passed the stream, hastened toward the executioner and while still in the distance shouted to him: 'Hold, executioner, I am the one for whom he is security.' When this was announced to the king and he had ordered them to be brought before him, he asked that they would take him into their friendship, and granted Moerus his life."

TITLE. *Die Bürgschaft*, A.<sup>99</sup>; in the table of contents referred to as „Romanze.“ *Die Bürgschaft*, Ballade, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Damon und Pythias*, Ms. 1805.

1) *Dionys.* According to Hyginus, whom Schiller followed, Dionysius the Elder, who died 368 B.C. According to another and more credible version current in antiquity, the events occurred in the time of Dionysius the Younger, who was banished from Syracuse 343 B.C.

2) *Wöröb*, A.<sup>99</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Damon*, Ms. 1805. Iamblichus, the principal authority for the better version of the incidents of the ballad, gives

the names of the two friends as Damon and Phintias. St. Jerome uses the form Pythias instead of Phintias, and in that has been almost universally followed.

11) Ich sehe dich for So sehe ich.

12) "Until I have given in marriage my sister to her betrothed."

15) mit argem List, with cruel cunning.

20) erblaffen. Nothing short of the poet's own admission could justify the statement that this, to be sure, unexpected word was "chosen" by Schiller for the sake of the rhyme. Compare also 12, gefreit, and 14, erwürgen, and often. It would be quite as correct to assert that the frequent violation of the theoretical order of words is for the sake of the rhythm.

25) schweigend. It may not be presumptuous to draw attention to the beauty and artistic value of this feature of the scene.

34) Eilt heim, and is hastening homeward.

42) Des Gewölbes Bogen, "the vaulted arch" (Bowring).

43) Ufers, poet. for des Ufers.

59) entrinnet, "fleets by" (Bowring).

60) treibt ihn die Angst, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; treibet die Angst ihn, A.<sup>2</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>.

62-3) Compare Macaulay's Lay of Horatius, when Horatius swims the Tiber (Turner and Morshead).

66) Schiller's original, Hyginus, had mentioned only a single obstacle on Moerus' homeward journey, namely, that of the torrent.

71) der ] sit, A.<sup>2</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

75) After Moerus had snatched the club from the hands of the murderous robbers, the brave man cried for mercy first for his friend's sake.

78) In Goethe's letter to Schiller, Sept. 5, 1798, he writes: "In the Bürgschaft it is on physiological grounds perhaps not to be approved of, that a person is about to be overcome by thirst who has on a rainy day rescued himself from a torrent, and still has his thoroughly wet

clothing on. But, moreover, not taking the true theory into account, and without considering the absorption by the skin, the motive of thirst does not entirely satisfy the fancy and the feelings. A different appropriate motive, which should have its source in the traveler himself, does not now occur to me as a substitute. Both the others being external, founded on a phenomenon of nature and the power of man, are excellent (recht gut gefunden).

88) geschwätzig. In what famous passages of Horace and Tennyson is this epithet applied to running water?

94) The lengthening shadows of the late afternoon are referred to.

103) Philostratus, although rhyming with Fuß and Systratus.

105) The terror of the faithful Philostratus came from his disbelief in the sincerity of Dionysius as to the release of Moerus (see l. 21) if his friend should have been crucified in his place.

108) zweite, modern colloquial form, following the analogy of numerals like fünfe, with an original final e.

120) am Thor, at the gate, i.e., just outside the city, the usual place of crucifixion.

124) Thor, multitude.

129) vor ] für, A.<sup>99</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

### Das Gletscher Felt.

DATE OF COMPOSITION. Schiller's Calendar states that Das Gletscher Felt, referred to as „Ceres," was completed Sept. 7, 1798. Schiller makes casual reference to being occupied with the composition of this poem in his letters to Goethe of Aug. 31 and Sept. 5. We may reasonably infer that the poem was begun immediately on his finishing the „Bürgschaft," Aug. 30, under the pressure of furnishing copy for the *Musenalmanach* für 1798.

SOURCE. The conception of the poem is wholly Schiller's. Wil-

helm von Humboldt, in his valuable essay on Schiller and the course of his development (*Geistesentwicklung*), prefixed to the "Correspondence of Schiller with W. v. Humboldt," defines the relation of the poem to Schiller's previous thought as follows: "The development of the rude child of nature, as he conceives him, under the influence of art, before he can become subject to the cultivating influences of reason, was an idea which Schiller cherished with great pleasure. He carried out the thought repeatedly both in prose and poetry. Especially at the very beginnings of civilization, at the period of transition from the nomadic to agricultural life, when, as he so beautifully expresses it, the alliance with the good mother earth is confidently made, his fancy loved to tarry. Whatever allied thought mythology furnished he retained eagerly. In perfect fidelity to the indications of fable, he ascribed to the goddess Demeter, the principal figure of this period, qualities as wonderful as they were effective, when he assumed that human feelings were united in her breast to the divine. It was for a long time a cherished plan of Schiller's to treat epically the first civilization of Attica by means of foreign immigration. *Das Eleusische Fest* took the place of this plan, which remained unexecuted."

**TITLE.** Schiller refers to the poem under the title of *Ceres* in his *Calendar*, but immediately after entitled it *Bürgerlied*, A.<sup>9</sup>; *Das Eleusische Fest*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

Eleusis, an ancient city of Attica, situated 12 miles northwest of Athens, was celebrated in antiquity for its temple dedicated to Ceres (Demeter), and for the Eleusinian mysteries, an annual autumnal festival in honor of the goddess. The Athenians also joined in this celebration. *Das Eleusische* (properly *Eleusiniische*) *Fest* is a hymn sung at this festival by citizens; hence its title, *Bürgerlied*. Schiller has nowhere expressed the reason which moved him to change its title.

1) The first, middle and last stanzas of the poem are written in a

dactylic measure, the remaining stanzas in a trochaic. "The first section depicts the establishment of agriculture, the transition from the life of hunters and wandering tribes to that of fixed dwellings; the second and more important section shows the development of culture, of the arts and sciences, as they proceeded from the changed manner of life of men. The dactylic first and last stanzas are lyric, the trochaic stanzas and the middle dactylic are epic in their character; thus the poem in its entirety is in some degree related to the ballad, in which the lyrical element is united to the epical, though more intimately than in the present case. The enclosure of the sections between the choric strophes, which serve as refrains, recalls to mind the ancient dramas. We may probably best think of the almost identical first and last stanzas as sung by the entire assembly, the remaining stanzas, however, by a single individual, perhaps the hierophant, who indicates in the fourteenth stanza, by its livelier dactylic measure and with increasing enthusiasm, the transition to the more important second part of the poem." (Viehoff.)

2) auch, A.<sup>90</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>; auch, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805. Chanten, the common blaue Kornblume. The foreign subject and scene probably suggested the choice of the foreign name.

4) die Königin. Demeter or Ceres is described as entering Eleusis in royal state at the time of the festival. The ancients, however, according to Viehoff, state that the festal procession from Athens brought the statue of the son of Demeter only, which was for the time placed in the magnificent temple sacred to his divine mother.

9) Gebirger, A.<sup>90</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

10) der Troglodyte, i.e. cave-dweller. The word occurs earliest in Herodotus as the name of a cave-dwelling Ethiopian tribe.

15-16) Herodotus, IV. 103, describes the Taurians, a savage tribe which inhabited what is now the Crimea, as sacrificing all who suffer shipwreck on their coast. See Goethe's *Sphigien auf Tauris*.

18) des Kindes. Her daughter Proserpina is described in the Homeric hymn to Ceres as having been miraculously carried away by Pluto to the lower regions when she was one day plucking flowers in the plain. For an interesting account of this ancient hymn for the Eleusinian festival, see Grote, *History of Greece*, I., ch. I.

19) verlassene, desert.

34) Compare the biblical narrative, to which classical mythology shows frequent likeness.

48) Herz, i.e. Mutterherz.

51) Compare S.'s *Das Lied von der Glocke*, 237, der heiligen Erde. Glaubig, A.<sup>9</sup>; Gläubig, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

54) Monde, i.e. months. For a similar precept, see Vergil, *Georg.* I, 335.

55) gemessen, with measured speed.

55-6)

"There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst  
But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins."

*Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice, V. 1.*

57-64) The development of this scene in these few short lines is as good evidence of Schiller's mastery of lyric narrative as the Ballads afford.

73) die Wucht des Speeres = den gewichtigen Speer. See l. 130, mit gewichtigem Speer.

77) Spitze, front.

82) alsobald, immediately. The introduction of this and the following miraculous features is justifiable on the ground of dramatic necessity.

85) Viehoff draws attention to the unexpected place assigned to this blessing in the order of events.

87) Herz, altar; see l. 102.

89) Compare the narrative of Elijah's sacrifice, I. Kings xviii.

**Vater Zeus.** Ceres addresses Jupiter as "Father" by his very common liturgical title, although she was, strictly speaking, his sister.

**90) Äther**, unusual omission of the article, as though *Äther* were a proper noun.

**97) Ceres and Jupiter** were both children of Saturn.

**104) Aar**, poetical for *Adler*; the eagle was sacred to Jupiter.

**105-112)** This dactylic middle stanza of the poem marks the transition to the vision of the Gods blessing humanity, with which the remaining stanzas are occupied. Note especially the order in which these blessings are conferred.

**115) Themis**, i.e. Law, was personified as the goddess of justice and order. The ascription to her of the acts mentioned in this stanza is Schiller's.

**119) des Ethers verborgene Mächte.** These hidden powers dwelling by the Styx, the river of Hades, were the avenging Furies. Juno calls the Styx to witness, "the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed Gods." *Iliad* xv., 37-8.

**121) der Gott der Esse.** Vulcan, son of Jupiter and Juno; "the famed craftsman." *Iliad* i., 571.

**122) erfindungsreich.** Homer refers to Vulcan at work on the shield of Achilles: "therein fashioned he much cunning work from his wise heart." *Iliad* xviii., 481-2.

**124) Hochgelehrt.** German critics have objected to the use of this epithet on account of its "comical suggestion." It is familiar as an old-fashioned title of scholars, "most learned."

**129) Minerva**, the goddess of wisdom and skill. Under the name of Pallas Athene she was worshipped as the patron deity of Athens.

**132) dem Götterheer**, i.e. the company of the gods who are directly to assist in building the city.

**140) der Grenzgott**, the ancient Italian god of boundaries, *Terminus*.

**145)** The nymphs were the myriad spirits with which the ancients

peopled the realm of nature. Oreads were the nymphs of the mountains.

146) Compare Homer's description: "Artemis the Archer, moveth down the mountain, either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the wild wood-nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus." *Odyssey* vi., 102-6.

154) *der schiffbefrängte Gott*, the river-god crowned with reeds.

157) The Hours (*Horae*) were, according to Hesiod, three daughters of Zeus and Themis, Order, Justice and Peace.

161) *den Meer Gott*, Neptune, brother of Jupiter, builder of the walls of Troy. *Iliad* xxi., 446-7.

162) *des Tridenten*. The three-pronged scepter was the almost never lacking symbol of the god of the sea.

167) Hermes or Mercury, the messenger of the gods, also the patron deity of commerce.

168) *der Mauern Wall*, the fortifying walls.

170) Apollo, the god of music, leader of the nine muses (*Camoenae*). Of a banquet of the gods Homer says: "So feasted they all day till the setting of the sun; nor was their soul aught stinted of the fair banquet, nor of the beauteous lyre that Apollo held, and the Muses singing alternately with sweet voice." *Iliad* i., 601-4.

171) *Maß der Zeiten*, i.e. rhythm.

175-6) These lines suggest the legend of Amphion, to the music of whose lyre stones moved and formed the walls of Thebes.

179) Cybele, the Great Mother, a goddess of the Earth, is represented in ancient art with a mural crown. This fact may possibly have suggested the mention of Cybele here.

185) The myrtle was sacred to Venus, as a symbol of youth and beauty.

186) *die Götterkönigin*, Juno, the wife of Jupiter, was the deity presiding over marriage.



189) dem holden Knaben, Amor or Love, an immortal youth.

192) Segnenb, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Reiche, A.<sup>99</sup>.

198) At the close of the first half of this poem, Ceres approached Jupiter as a suppliant; now at the close of the second half she officiates as priestess at his altar, doubtless rendering thanks.

199) Schiller seems to have confused the extension of the hand in blessing, and the (Christian) folding of the hands (not hand) in prayer.

201-3) The meaning of this somewhat obscure stanza would appear to be that man, not being a law unto himself as is the beast which loves and the god which has perfect freedom, can attain this only through union and subordination to moral laws.

### **Hero und Leander.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. Schiller's Calendar states that *Hero und Leander* was finished June 17, 1801. The poet had completed, April 16, 1801, his "incomparable" (Goethe to S., April 20, 1801,) drama, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, and, while undecided as to a subject for a new drama, wrote incidentally the present ballad. In his letter to Goethe of June 28, S. wrote that, despite the bad weather which had unfavorably affected his health and lessened his activity, he had succeeded in finishing for his publisher, Cotta, a ballad entitled *Leander und Hero*. It was first published in the *Taschenbuch für Damen für 1802*.

SOURCE. It is not known that Schiller was under special obligation to any of the numerous versions of the legend of the two lovers, Hero and Leander. Their story had been one of great popularity ever since the days of Vergil, who was the first to make mention of it, and then, without giving names, as though they were already well known. "What of the youth whose marrow the fierceness of Love

has turned to flame? Late in the dark night he swims o'er seas boiling with bursting storms; and over his head the huge gates of the sky thunder; and the seas, dashing on the rocks, call to him to return: nor can the thought of his parents' agony entice him back, nor of the maiden doomed to a cruel death upon his corpse." (Georg. iii., 258-63.) Translated by an Oxford graduate, as quoted in J. A. Symonds's *Studies in the Greek Poets*, ch. xxii. The most elaborate and important poems with this subject are those of Musaeus, a Greek grammarian of the fifth century, and of Marlowe, the great English poet of the Elizabethan age. The chapter of Symonds's *Studies* just referred to contains an extended analysis of the poem of Musaeus and a comparison of it with the work of Marlowe.

TITLE. *Hero und Leander*, Ballade, T.<sup>2</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Hero und Leander*, Ms. 1805.

1-a) die altergrauen Schloßer, two strongholds erected near the sites of ancient Sestus and Abydus, respectively, by Mohammed II. the Conqueror, shortly after the fall of Constantinople in 1453.

4) Hellespont. This classical name was derived from the myth of Helle, who, accompanying her brother Phryxos in a magical flight on the back of the golden-fleeced ram, slipped from its back and was drowned in the waters of the strait. See lines 121-140.

5) der Darbanellen, the name of the fortifications on the shore as well as of the strait itself.

6) The strait is at its narrowest here, being only about a mile wide.

13) Amor: see *Das Eleus. Fest*, 189.

14) Hebe, the goddess of youth, daughter of Jupiter and Juno, and cup-bearer to the Olympian gods.

17-20) These lines suggest the flight of Shakespeare's pair of star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet.

21) Sestos, a town on the European side of the Hellespont, mentioned along with Abydus already in the *Iliad* ii, 836. The towns are

about twenty miles from the mouth of the strait. Musaeus had described the home of Hero thus: "A bower beset with noises of the sea, and high as heaven, is my home; there I dwell together with only one servant, before the city walls of Sestos, above the deep-waved shore, with ocean for my neighbor: such is the stern will of my parents. Nor are there maidens of my age to keep me company, nor dances of young men close by; but everlastingly at night and morn a roaring from the windy sea assails my ears." (Symonds's translation.)

25) Ἀβυδός, on the Asiatic shore, nearly opposite Σέστος. Ἀβυδός] her theuren, in S.'s still extant original draft of the ballad, but altered as above by him before printing.

27) It was at this point that Xerxes bridged the strait with boats in 480 B.C.

31) The allusion is to Theseus guided from the labyrinth, where he had slain the Minotaur, by the thread which Ariadne had given him.

34-6) Jason, having used the ointment which the enamoured princess Medea had given him, was enabled to yoke the brazen-footed, flame-breathing bulls as a condition of receiving the golden fleece.

37-40) Orpheus descended to Hades, the realm of Pluto, and brought away his wife Eurydice by the charm of his music. Orpheus accompanied the expedition of Jason in search of the golden fleece; they are said to have passed up the Hellespont.

45) On May 3, 1810, less than nine years after Schiller wrote this ballad, Lord Byron swam from Sestos to Abydus. Referring to the distance, Lord B. wrote: "The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one."

46) Πόντος = Ἥλλεσποντος; see l. 87, das Meer.

48) Strebend nach dem theuren Strand, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805; Steuernb nach dem fernem Strand, T.<sup>2</sup>.

53) schwer bestandnen, T.<sup>æ</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, schwerdevollen (in original Ms., but altered before printing).

70) Grauenvollem, in original Ms. altered to Schauervollem.

71) Hesper, the evening star.

76) Den ergrimmten Winter nañ, T.<sup>æ</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; Sich den rauhen Winter nañ, orig. Ms.

81) The sun is in the zodiacal sign Libra (The Balance) at the time of the autumnal equinox.

85) die Sonnenrosse, the fire-breathing steeds which drew the chariot of the sun.

87) das Meer, the sea of Helle.

94) schwarzlicht. Schiller seems to have been fond of the unusual ending in -t; compare Die Kraniche des Ibykus, 16, graulichstem; also Der Taucher, 92, rofigten.

96) Tethys] Tethys, T.<sup>æ</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805, the wife of Oceanus. buntes] ganzes, orig. Ms., altered to buntes before printing.

97) Ovid, the well known Roman poet of the first century, makes Leander say in an imaginary letter to Hero (Heroides xviii., 131), that the arching dolphin knew of their love, and that he thought himself not unknown to the fishes.

100) Hefate, a goddess who presided over magical arts.

104) du solltest trügen, men say that thou deceivest.

105) Frevler, in orig. Ms. altered from Lästler.

112) Müßt' ich, I would have been obliged.

120) bezwingt, in orig. Ms. altered from gewinnt.

121) The love of the god of the sea for Helle as described in this and the following stanza is an invention of Schiller's. Ovid, Heroides xix., Hero's answer to Leander's letter, represents Hero as appealing to Neptune on the ground of his former loves, which she enumerates in part, lines 129-36.

122) Eros, the Greek name corresponding to Amor, l. 13. Schiller

gave himself no trouble to employ in the ballads or elsewhere a consistent, i. e. wholly Greek or wholly Latin, terminology in referring to the characters of classical mythology, but seems to have chosen names on grounds of familiarity or euphony.

124) See note on l. 4. *Helle mit dem Bruder*, in orig. Ms. altered from *Nach dem fernen Roldhos*.

128) *Griffst du*, in orig. Ms. altered from *Schauend*. *Schlund*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Reich*, orig. Ms., T.<sup>2</sup>.

130) *den Meeresgrund*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *bein flutend Reich*, orig. Ms., T.<sup>2</sup>.

139) *Führe mit den vielgeliebten* in orig. Ms.

140) Altered in orig. Ms. from *Glücklich auf der Wogen Bahn*.

141-50) This stanza shows the hand of the skilled dramatist.

151) Attention was drawn long since to the similarity of this description to that of the storm in Vergil's *Æneid* i., 81-.

152) *Wetterbüche*, poetically, "torrents."

156) *Stürme*, tempestuous winds, tempests.

159) Compare *Der Taucher*, 40, 48.

162) *erbarme*, unusual for *erbarme dich*.

169-70) Schiller first wrote *Selbst das Schiff mit Eichenrippen birgt sich in der sichern Bucht*, but substituted the words of the text before printing.

171-80) This stanza is written in the margin of Schiller's orig. Ms., and is consequently supposed to have been a later insertion.

194) *Schäumen*, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Donnernd*, T.<sup>2</sup>.

195) See note on 169.

197) Musaeus relates that "an envious gust blew out the guiding lamp."

198-200) Schiller first wrote *Die Beleuchterin der Bahn, Und es sprüht der Schaum der Brandung Glühend an den Felsen an*, but substituted the words of the text before printing.

201) *Äphrobite*, Venus, the goddess of love, who was said to have

sprung from the foam (ἀφρός) of the sea. Horace, Odes i., 3, invokes her protection for his friend Vergil, who was about to start on a voyage to Athens.

206) In the Odyssey iii., 425-6, Nestor, referring to a heifer about to be sacrificed, says: "And let one again bid Laerces the goldsmith to come hither that he may gild the horns of the heifer."

211) The goddess Leukothea comes to the aid of Ulysses when struggling for his life on the raft in the stormy sea: "Here, take this veil immortal and wind it about thy breast, so there is no fear that thou suffer aught or perish." (Odyssey, v., 346-7.)

223) *Eos*, Aurora, 71; *Eos Rosenpferde auf*, in orig. Ms. altered to the words in the text.

232) *heil'gen Eßwur*, in orig. Ms. altered from *Liebesßwur*.

237) *Trostlos*, in orig. Ms. altered from *Laustlos*.

238) *Blidt sie*, in orig. Ms. altered from *Trostlos*.

245) *das Glück*, in orig. Ms. altered from *das schönste*.

247) *beinem Tempel*, in orig. Ms. altered from *dir ge*. Düntzer refers with approval to Lessing's conjecture that the tower [*Heßenturm*, l. 21,] was a part of the temple of the goddess, whose worship had been in charge of Hero's ancestors.

250) *Venus*, Aphrodite, l. 201.

259) An urn was the usual attribute of personified river gods in ancient mythology and art.

### **Cassandra.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. In a letter to Goethe, Feb. 11, 1802. Schiller, referring to some business transactions which were as ever uncongenial, goes on to say: "Under these circumstances I have not made much progress with a little poem, Cassandra, which I had

begun in a quite propitious frame of mind." At this time Schiller could have done little more than plan the poem. He sent the completed poem to the publisher, Cotta, July 9, 1802. See *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Cotta*, hggb. von B. Bollmer, Stuttgart, 1876, S. 461. His next mention of it is in a letter to Körner, Sept. 9, 1802, as follows: "In order that you may not meanwhile entirely lose faith in my productivity, I enclose *Rassandra*, a little poem which I wrote last month. You may perhaps regret that the idea of this poem, which might possibly have furnished the material for a tragedy, has been used only for a lyric. May the trifle give you pleasure!" It will be noted that the statement as to the composition of the poem in the "last month" is inexact, judging from the letter to Cotta.

SOURCE. Cassandra is described by Homer as the fairest daughter of Priam, the peer of Aphrodite. The Greek tragic poet Aeschylus, in the *Agamemnon*, further represents Cassandra as a prophetess inspired by Apollo, but destined to be believed by no one, since she had failed to give her promised love to the god. Symonds, in the *Studies of the Greek Poets*, chap. xii., gives a valuable extended description of the part of Cassandra in this her most important appearance in classical literature. The events of Schiller's poem are supposed to have occurred shortly before the close of the Trojan war, when Achilles, according to a post-Homeric legend, had become enamoured of Polyxena, a daughter of King Priam, and as an accepted suitor had come to claim his bride. The present lyric is wholly Schiller's in its conception. Its form is of the simplest, that of a monologue; its single theme, the hopeless misery in which Cassandra lived, resulting from her knowledge of the future.

TITLE. *Rassandra*, T.<sup>23</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

1) *Troja* or *Ilium*, *Ilium*, the capital city of the kingdom of *Troas* in northwestern Asia Minor, which was sacked and burned by the allied Grecian princes in 1184 B.C., according to the common legend.

- 2) die hohe Feste, the lofty citadel of Troy, named Pergamum.
- 7) Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, and the hero of the Iliad.
- 8) freit, is about to wed.
- 9) The laurel was sacred to Apollo, in whose temple the marriage was to take place.
- 12) des Thymbriers, the Thymbrian, a name frequently applied to Apollo from a temple dedicated to him in Thymbra, a town of Troas.
- 14) bacchant'sche, bacchanalian, a term derived originally from the unrestrained revelry which accompanied the worship of Bacchus.
- 23) die Priesterbinde. The head-band or fillet was one of the insignia of the prophetic office.
- 27) die alten Eltern, Priam and Hecuba. Homer refers frequently to Priam as aged.
- 34) Hymen, the god of marriage is represented in ancient art with a wedding torch.
- 36) The allusion is to the sacrifice which preceded a wedding.
- 39) des Gottes, of that divinity. Schiller chose not to make particular reference to Eris, the goddess of strife, whom he conceives (l. 125) to be the deity renewing the fatal conflict.
- 48) The oracle Pytho at Delphi, a town in Phocis, about 75 miles northwest of Athens, was one of the most famous shrines of antiquity. arger, cruel.
- 62) den blut'gen Schein, the bloody vision, i. e. of the massacres which were to accompany the swiftly approaching destruction of Troy.
- 70) den Augenblick, the present moment.
- 73) Never with the bridal garland have I decked, etc.
- 91) Achilles refers to himself in the Iliad, i., 244, as "the best of the Achaians" (Greeks).
- 92) umfahn, an old form of umfängen.
- 97) According to Homer, Il., xiii., 363-7, Cassandra was betrothed



to Othryoneus, but according to a later version of the legend, *Æneid* ii., 341-6, to Corocbus. In each case Homer and Vergil refer to her lover only to mention immediately his death.

103) Cassandra was haunted by the true vision of her lover's near death.

105) *Parten*, spectres. Cassandra's knowledge of all the secrets of death and the retention of her reason indicate the grandeur of her character.

106) *Proserpina*, the wife of Pluto, the lord of Hades.

113-20) This stanza refers to Cassandra's death at the hand of Clytemnestra (*Odyssey*, xi., 421-3). As a captive at the fall of Troy, Cassandra had fallen to the lot of Agamemnon, King of Mycenae and commander-in-chief of the Grecian host, and accompanied him on the return to his home, where both were murdered. See *Odyssey* iv., 519-37; xi., 405-34, and Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*.

114) *des Mörderauge*, G.<sup>2</sup>; *des Mörders Auge*, T.<sup>20</sup>, G.<sup>1</sup>.

124) The assassin of Achilles was Paris, son of Priam, according to the version of the legend given by Servius, the 4th century grammarian, commenting on Vergil's *Æneid*, iii., 321-4.

125) "Eris, whose fury wearieeth not, sister and friend of murderous Ares" (*Iliad*, iv., 440-1).

*ihre Schlangen*, her snaky locks.

### **Der Graf von Habsburg.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. Schiller's *Calendar* states that the present ballad, there entitled *Hudolph von Habsburg*, was finished April 25, 1803. It was probably included among the recently completed poems which Schiller enclosed in his letter to Goethe on the following May 24th.

**SOURCE.** Schiller had finished, on Feb. 1st, 1803, his drama, *Die Braut von Messina*, and it was in the course of his immediate preparation for his next play, "*Wilhelm Tell*," that he came upon the following narrative in the chronicle of Tschudi, the Swiss historian of the sixteenth century. See Schiller's note, p. 83.

At this time [1266], Count Rudolph of Habsburg (afterward emperor) was riding with his servants to the hunt with hawk and hounds (gen Veißen und Jagen), and as he came along with his horse into a meadow he heard a bell ringing. He rode through the thicket in the direction of the sound to learn what it was, and, finding a priest with the blessed sacrament and his sacristan, who preceded him with the bell, Count Rudolph descended from his horse, knelt down, and did reverence to the holy sacrament. Now as they stood on the bank of a stream, the priest placed the holy sacrament on the ground beside him, began to draw off his shoes and was about to wade through the risen waters, for the bridge had been washed away by the flood. The Count asked the priest whither he was going; the priest replied: "I am carrying the blessed sacrament to a man who is grievously ill, and now when I come to this water I find the bridge swept away, and so must wade through, that the sick man suffer no deprivation." Thereupon Count Rudolph had the priest sit upon his horse with the holy sacrament and perform his duty, in order that the sick man might not fail of his presence. Soon one of his servants came, and the Count took his horse and joined again in the hunt. When now the priest returned home he himself brought the horse to Count Rudolph with many expressions of gratitude for the favor and goodness which he had shown him. Then spoke Count Rudolph: "God forbid that I or any servant of mine should knowingly mount the horse which has borne my Lord and Master. Shouldst thou deem that thou mayst not rightfully keep it, then use it in God's service, for I have given it to Him from whom I have soul, body, honor and riches."

The priest said: "Sir, now may God bestow upon thee honor and dignity here in this world and yonder eternally."

The next morning the Count rode to the little Cloister Var in the Limagt, situated between Zürich and Baden, where there lived a holy nun whom he wished to visit. She said to him: "Sir, thou hast yesterday done honor to God Almighty with the horse which thou lentest the priest in charity; that will Almighty God requite to you and your descendants, and thou shalt forsooth know that thou and thy descendants are to come to supreme honor in this world."

Afterwards this priest became chaplain to the Electoral Archbishop of Mentz, and bore such witness to him and others of the virtue and noble qualities of Count Rudolph that his name became celebrated throughout the whole realm; and he was later chosen Emperor.

TITLE. *Der Graf von Habsburg*, T.<sup>4</sup>, Ms. 1805; *Der Graf von Habsburg*, Ballade, G.<sup>2</sup>. The castle of Habsburg, now in ruins, is in the Canton of Aargau, in northern Switzerland.

1) The kings of Germany were crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle up to 1531.

*Kaiserpracht*, imperial magnificence. Rudolph I. was elected King of Germany and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire on the 29th of September, 1273, and was crowned as King of Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 28th of October following. For an account of the four distinct imperial coronations, see Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, chap. xii.

3) *Rudolfs heilige Macht*. Compare Voss's translation of Homer's *ἱερὸν μένος Ἀλκινόοιο* (Od. vii., 167,) „die heilige Macht des Alkinoos."

5) As to the composition of the electoral college, consult Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, ch. xiv. "To each electorate there was attached a great office . . . The three prelates [the archbishops of Mentz, Treves and Cologne] were archchancellors of Germany, Gaul

and Burgundy, and Italy, respectively: Bohemia cupbearer, the Palgrave seneschal, Saxony marshal, and Brandenburg chamberlain."

6) der Böhme, the King of Bohemia, Ottocar II., disapproved of Rudolph's election, and absented himself from the coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle. See Schiller's note, p. 83.

des perlenden Weins, partitive genitive, an obsolete construction. Compare Whitney's German Grammar, 220, 3; compare Das Siegesfest, 98, gießt des Weins.

7) See note on l. 5.

8) The ancients reckoned seven planets. Schiller's mixture of ancient and modern conceptions is by poetical license.

Chor. The thought in Job's inspired line (xxxviii., 7), "When the morning stars sang together," is constantly reappearing with more or less distinctness in literature.

10) Die Würde des Amtes = Ihr würdiges Amt.

11) Ballon, here = gallery.

15) verderblichen. This adjective is of the weak declension, although coördinate with langem. For numerous classical instances of similar violation of the grammatical theory see Sanders, Wörterbuch der Hauptschwierigkeiten in der deutschen Sprache, s. v. Declination der Eigenschaftswörter, 10.

16) Since the death of the Emperor Conrad II. in 1254, and previous to Rudolph's election, there had been no universally recognized head of the Empire. This period, known as the Great Interregnum, is thus described by Bryce, Holy Roman Empire, chap. xiii.: "Every floodgate of anarchy was opened: prelates and barons extended their domains by war; robber-knights infested the highways and the rivers; the misery of the weak, the tyranny and violence of the strong, were such as had not been seen for centuries."

25-30) Historical evidence shows Rudolph's attitude towards the minstrels to have been exactly the contrary to that given in this bal-

lad. These poets of the Emperor's time abound in complaints of his ungenerous treatment of them. See especially Gervinus, *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung*, Bd. II., S. 7-10, 1853. In judging of the Emperor, however, it would be unjust to overlook the great claims of state upon him and the actually low ebb of poetry.

32) *Salart*, a robe reaching down to the ankles (*talz*).

33) This line has five instead of four accented syllables.

36) *Rinne*, love, is a middle high German word, revived in the last half of the eighteenth century, when attention began to be paid to the literature of the early periods.

44) *Stunde*, hour, i. e. of inspiration.

45-6) Compare John iii., 8: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

46) *von wannen*, obsolete expression = *woher*.

53) That Schiller meant that the noble hunter was riding forth to the hunt and not already engaged in it is plain from line 55, which depicts the attendant as following, bearing the weapons.

54) The specification of the game as chamois is due to Schiller.

55) *Jägergeschöß*, unusual, for *Jagdgeschöß*; in any event a strange term to apply to a bow.

59) *dem Leib des Herrn*, the body of the Lord, i. e. the consecrated bread or wafer.

61) *der Graf*. The minstrel describes more definitely the hunter, whom he had previously (line 53) called merely *ein edler Heiß*.

62) *mit Demut entblößet*, reverently uncovered.

70) *durchschritte*. The sequence of tenses would require *durchschritte*.

71) *Was schaffst du?* = *Was machst du?*

80) *naßend*, or the more usual form *naßt*, is commonly applied in case of absence of covering on the entire body, while *bloß*, bare, refers to uncovered separate parts.

83) *fein*, archaic and poetic for *feiner*; *begehren* governs the genitive only in elevated diction, otherwise the accusative.

86) *Bergnügen* = *befriedigt*, satisfies.

90) *am*, G.<sup>2</sup>; *im*, T.<sup>4</sup>, Ms. 1805.

93) *fürderhin*, henceforth; a more usual word with this meaning is *fernerhin*.

98-100) According to the theory of the mediæval empire, every Christian ruler owed fealty to the Emperor and he to God.

103) *hier und dort*, in *Uthubi*, *hie im Zit und dorten ewiglich*.

105) Rudolph had been elected protector of the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden in 1257, and military commander by the citizens of Zürich in 1264.

107-10) Of Rudolf's six daughters, three married noblemen of high rank, and three married kings, or nobles who became such.

110) *glänzen*, *sc. mögen euch*; "and may they be illustrious to the latest generation."

116) Schiller may have had in mind the passage in the *Odyssey*, viii., 83-6, in which an act of Ulysses under somewhat similar circumstances is referred to: "This song it was that the famous minstrel sang; but Odysseus caught his great purple cloak with his stalwart hands and drew it down over his head and hid his comely face, for he was ashamed to shed tears beneath his brows in presence of the Phæacians."

120) *verehrte*, G.<sup>2</sup>; *verehrt*, T.<sup>4</sup>.

From a letter to Körner, July 16th, 1803, we learn that Schiller deemed himself especially successful in the composition of this ballad.

### **Das Siegesfest.**

**DATE OF COMPOSITION.** Schiller's Calendar states that this poem, there called *Helden vor Troja*, was finished May 22d, 1803. The poet sent it to Goethe May 24th with the statement that it represented "the execution of an idea which our circle gave me some year and a half ago, because all social songs which do not have a poetical subject fall into the commonplace tone of free-mason songs. I intended consequently to descend at once upon the rich fields of the Iliad and take all that I could carry." His words accompanying a copy of the poem sent to Wilhelm von Humboldt, Aug. 18th, 1803, are of similar purport: "I enclose a song which had its origin in an intention to give social singing a more elevated text. German songs, such as are commonly sung in social gatherings, have almost without exception the commonplace prosaic tone of free-mason songs, because life furnishes no material for poetry; hence I chose for this song the poetic basis of the Homeric age, and introduce the old heroic personages of the Iliad. So at least we escape the prose of life, and are in better society."

**SOURCE.** The letters to Goethe and W. v. Humboldt, just referred to, show that the poem was wholly original with Schiller in its conception; in details, however, the poet was minutely faithful to the traditions of antiquity, so that it would be easy to find in classical literature parallels to nearly every descriptive trait or epithet employed.

**TITLE.** *Das Siegesfest*, T.<sup>24</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

1) Priam's Feste, Pergamum, the citadel of Troy, „die hohe Feste," *Rassandra*, 2.

6) des Hellenpontos, see note on *Hero und Leander*, l. 4.

7) The Greeks could be said to be on their homeward journey, as

this line would be naturally understood, only inasmuch as they had left the plain and entered the ships.

9-12) It will be observed that each stanza of the poem ends with a chorus of four lines, which in general repeats the sentiment and often many of the words which directly precede. They are words of reflection or exhortation, and are uttered in the persons of various easily recognized participants in the scene.

13) Vergil, *Æn.* ii., 766, describes the captive women and children at the fall of Troy as „In langen Reihn gelagert“ (Schiller's translation of the second book of the *Æneid*, „Die Zerstörung von Troja,“ str. 128.)

14) *Trojerinnen*, a form to which either *Trojanerinnen* or *Troerinnen* is to be preferred.

26) „Kalchas, son of Thestor, most excellent far of augurs, who knew both things that were and that should be and that had been before, and guided the ships of the Achaians to Ilios by his soothsaying that Phœbus Apollo bestowed upon him.” *Iliad*, i., 69-72.

27) *Pallas*, *Minerva*; see *Das Eleusische Fest*, 129-36.

29-30) The „Earth-embracer” is a Homeric epithet of Poseidon, Neptune. It is well known that the ancients supposed the river Oceanus to flow around the whole world as its ultimate boundary.

33) „For nine whole years we were busy about them, devising their ruin with all manner of craft.” *Odyssey*, iii., 118. Nestor, who utters these words, gives shortly after an account of the divided counsels of the Greeks as to the return home.

35) Compare Vergil's *perfecto temporis orae* (*Æn.* vi., 745).

37) „Lord Agamemnon, son of Atreus, lead an hundred ships. With him followed most and goodliest folk by far; and in their midst himself was clad in flashing bronze, all glorious, and was pre-eminent amid all warriors, because he was goodliest and led folk far greatest in number” (*Iliad*, ii., 576-80).



40) The Scamander was a river which rose on Mount Ida and flowed through the plain of Troy.

41) When the death of his comrade Patroclus was announced, "a black cloud of grief enwrapped Achilles" (*Iliad*, xviii., 22).

49-54) These prophetic words of Ulysses refer to Agamemnon's own murder at the instigation of his faithless wife Clytemnestra. See note on *Raffandra*, 113-20.

55) *Ἐπράδ'ε*, G.<sup>2</sup>; *Ἐπράδ*, T.<sup>α</sup>, correctly omitting the 'ε, as the subject follows.

56) *Ἀθηνῆς*. Athene, Minerva, of whom Ulysses was an especial favorite.

57-8) The allusion is to Penelope, the faithful spouse of Ulysses. She is here most effectively contrasted with Clytemnestra.

57) *Ἐπρίν*, T.<sup>α</sup>, Ms. 1805; *Ἐπρίν*, G.<sup>2</sup>.

59) "For woman is false."

62) *ὁ Ἄνδρ'ε*; Menelaus, the son of Atreus, and brother of Agamemnon. It will be remembered that the wife of Menelaus now recovered in war was Helen, whom Paris, the Trojan prince, while he was the guest of her husband, had seduced and then taken to Troy.

68) *ὁ Κρονίδης*, of the son of Kronos, Zeus.

71) A frequent epithet of Jupiter is the Hospitable; "the Warden of domestic Right."

74) The brave son of Oileus was Ajax the Less, the leader of the Lokrians. Homer describes him as boastful and irreverent.

79-80) As Patroclus was one of the noblest of the Grecian heroes, one whom Achilles called "dearest and most honored," so by contrast Thersites is mentioned, the ill-favored, the ceaseless chatterer, and the reviler of heroes; see the *Iliad* ii., 212-221.

81) *Ἰόνες*. For instances of similar unusual inflection see Sanders, *Hauptschwierigkeiten*, s. v. *Weibliche Hauptwörter*; Whitney's

German Grammar, 95. Compare Schiller's *Lied von der Glocke*, 1, „Fest gemauert in der Erden.“

85) There is nothing in this stanza which shows unmistakably who the speaker was. Against the natural assumption that Ajax the Less is still speaking and addresses his great namesake as brother, plausible reasons have been urged for assigning the words to Teucros, who was the half-brother of Ajax the Greater, and whose renown among the Greeks would well justify his introduction here.

86) “Ever may they think of thee.”

87) *Festen*. The festivals at which, as in the case of the later games, poets sing of the heroes.

88) Ulysses, addressing the shade of Ajax, says: “What a tower of strength fell in thy fall!” (*Odyssey* xi., 556.)

89) The reference is to the attack of the Trojans on the Grecian ships described in the *Iliad* xv., 379 ff. Homer's account, however, assigns even greater valor on this occasion to Patroclus.

91) These are the familiar Homeric epithets of Ulysses.

92) The armor of the fallen Achilles, whose body Ajax and Ulysses had united in rescuing from the Trojans, was given to Ulysses as a prize for the greater share in this deed. This story is the subject of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xii., 580–xiii., 398.

95) Compare Ovid, *Met.* xiii., 390, who represents Ajax as saying, just before his self-murder, that none other than Ajax might overcome Ajax.

97) The sire of Neoptolemus was Achilles.

98) A libation was customarily poured out as a drink-offering to the Gods.

*Neoptolem*, shortened form of *Neoptolemus*; comp. l. 62 *der Attrib* for *der Attribe*.

*des Weins*; see note on *Der Graf von Habsburg*, 6.

105) Achilles, refusing to be appeased by an embassy from Aga-

memnon, said that his goddess-mother, Thetis, had told him that "if I abide here and besiege the Trojans' city, then my returning home is taken from me, but my fame shall be imperishable." *Iliad* ix., 412-13.

109) Weil, T.<sup>2</sup>, G.<sup>2</sup>; Wern, Ms. 1805.

111) *Œstern*; for the obsolete ending, -*n* or -*en*, see Whitney's *Grammar*, 105.

112) The son of Tydeus, King of Astolia, was Diomedes, to whose exploits the fifth book of the *Iliad* is given. His fame for preeminent valor and of being "great-hearted" was doubtless in Schiller's mind when he chose him to speak the praise of the great Trojan. Goetzinger is of the opinion that the choice was made on the ground of the episode of Diomedes and Glaucus, *Iliad* vi., 119-234, which was a favorite passage of Schiller's; see his *liber nativ und sentimentalische Dichtung*.

118) *Fort*, biblical; compare Luther's *metz Fort*, Pa. xviii., 3, "my strong rock."

121) "Nestor, pleasant of speech, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, he from whose tongue flowed discourse sweeter than honey. Two generations of mortal men already had he seen perish, that had been of old time born and nurtured with him in goodly Pylos, and he was king among the third." *Iliad* i., 247-52. His drinking is referred to by Homer.

124) *Œstuba*, the wife of Priam; like Nestor, aged.

127) Bacchus, the god of wine, one of whose surnames was *Lycus*, deliverer from care.

133-6) Schiller borrowed the thought in these lines from Homer: "For even fair-haired Niobe bethought her of meat, she whose twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons. The sons, Apollo, in his anger against Niobe, slew with arrows from his silver bow; and the daughters, archer Artemis; for that Niobe

matched herself against the fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess bare but twain, but herself many children ; so they, though they were but twain, destroyed the others all." *Iliad* xxiv., 602-9.

135) Compare *Das Eleusische Fest*, 25.

139) Lethe, the river of Oblivion in the Lower World.

145) ihrem Gott, Apollo ; see notes on *Rassandra*.

146) die Seherin, Cassandra.

153-4) The thought is from Horace, *Odes* iii., 1, 38-40: "Black Care quits not the brazen trireme, and sits behind the horseman." Lonsdale and Lee's translation.

153-6) Düntzer would assign very plausibly these lines to a chorus of Grecian soldiers.

### **Der Alpenjäger.**

DATE OF COMPOSITION. Schiller's *Calendar* states that he wrote to his friend Becker, enclosing "*Der Alpenjäger*," July 5th, 1804. This is, to be sure, only presumptive evidence that the poem was finished at about this time.

SOURCE. Schiller was probably indebted to the reading preparatory to the composition of the drama *Wilhelm Tell* for his knowledge of the following legend, the incidents of which are made use of in the poem.

"An aged couple had a disobedient son who would not tend their cattle, but wished to go hunt the chamois. Not long after he lost his way among the icy valleys and fields of snow, and thought that he would lose his life. Then the Spirit of the mountain came and said to him: "The chamois which you are hunting are my herd. Why do you persecute them?" Notwithstanding, the Spirit showed him the path and he went home and tended the cattle for his parents." (*Schriften von Karl Victor v. Bonstetten*, Zürich, 1793, S. 118-9, as quoted by Gödeke, *Schiller's Gedichte*, 1871, p. 461.

TITLE. *Der Alpenjäger*, B. T., G.<sup>2</sup>, Ms. 1805.

1-18) In the first three stanzas Schiller ascribes to the mother of the youth words which depict the innocence and peace of the shepherd's life. The thoughts expressed are simple, as the scene demanded, and should be judged by the artificial standard of an idyllic ballad.

4) *Kanft*, poetical, synonymous with *Kand*, *Ufer*.

5-6) *gehen Jagen*, B. T., Ms. 1805; *gehen, Jagen*, G.<sup>2</sup>. Compare *Wilhelm Tell*, 1574 (iii., 1), *Geh lieber jagen*.

6) *des*, G.<sup>2</sup>; *den*, B. T., Ms. 1805.

7) *die Herde locken*, call the cattle.

9) *tönt . . . In*, mingles with.

*der Schall ] das Spiel*, B. T.

11-12) *gehen Schweifen*, B. T., Ms. 1805; *gehen, Schweifen*, G.<sup>2</sup>.

12) In imagination the youth is already on the heights.

*wilden ] freien*, B. T.

22) Compare *Die Bürgschaft*, 67, *des Waldes nächtlichem Ort*.

23) *ihm ] sich*, B. T.

24) *Fliehet die zitternde ] Scheucht er stehend*, B. T.

*Gazelle*, by poetic license for *Gemsse*.

26) *Seht sie mit behebendem Schwung*, B. T.

27) *Durch den Riß*, over the cleft.

*geborstner ] gespaltnr*, B. T., Ms. 1805.

29) *Doch von Fels zu Fels verwogen*, B. T.

*verwogen*, obsolete, instead of the usual *verwegen*.

31-6) Gödeke quotes in illustration of this stanza the following extract from J. C. Fäsi's *Beschreibung der Eidgenossenschaft*, 1765: "Sometimes it happens that the chamois are driven by the hunter to a pass [*sic*] scarcely more than a quarter of a foot in width, so that they are unable to continue their flight, but see behind them their deadly enemy, cutting off their retreat."

31) *schroffen* ] *steilen*, B. T.

32) *höchsten* ] *steilen*, Ms. 1805. In making this change Schiller probably overlooked, as Düntzer surmises, the occurrence of *steile* in line 35.

*Grat*, the summit of a mountain ridge having precipitous sides.

33) *Felsen* ] *Klippen*, B. T.

34) *Und der wilde Jäger naht*, B. T.

35) *steile Höhe* ] *schroffe Fähe*.

38) The youthful hunter, who was a „*Knabe*“ to his mother, was a „*Mann*“ to the chamois.

42) *der Berge Alte*, B. T.

43-8) *Schützend mit den Götterhänden Deckt er das verfolgte Thier:*  
*„Darfst du Tod und Jammer senden,“ Ruft er „bis herauf zu mir ]*  
*Raums für alle hat die Erde, Was verfolgst du meine Herde ?“* B. T.



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